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SIXPENCE.

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WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST: THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A foreign gentleman, who is a great enthusiast for our institutions, remarked to me on Christmas Eve that we did not appreciate our climate. "This fog of yours," said he, "it is entrancing. I revel in it. I lose myself in Trafalgar Square; what ecstasy! I knock up against the Column of Nelson, and I cry, 'What a hero!' Really you cannot understand the glory of Nelson till you knock up against him like that. But you Londoners, you do not revel in your fog, of which you ought to be so proud. I hear the complaints of the peevish people who have lost their way. I knock against a gentleman in Trafalgar Square, and I say to him—'Oh, the Column of Nelson, how it is sublime!' and he say, 'Confound this beastly fog! Where are we? Which is the way to Charing Cross?' That is the worst of you English; you are so practical at the wrong moment. Why could he not let Charing Cross wait for an hour or two, while he admired with me the grandeur of that monument, looming in the mist, solemn—vast? To an artist what a spectacle! I move about cautiously, fearing I may knock against the easel of a painter, and upset his life's work—what a misfortune! But is there a single painter painting the beauties of your glorious fog? Not one. They are all confounding the beastly thing, and looking for Charing Cross!"

I can give but a poor idea of the vehemence of my friend's displeasure at our blindness. For him London in a fog was London in her sovereign mantle of art. He discoursed to me on the poetic distinction between white fog and black fog; and I could respond with nothing better than bald tales of wayfarers in evening dress, huddled in dazed bewilderment on the doorsteps of august mansions, and ringing the bell to beg a lodging for the night. I strove to picture the face of Jeames when this petition was offered up. But the foreign enthusiast would have none of it. "Art is not a practical joke," said he. "You are a great people; but you have not the spirit of beauty always. I would not have rung that bell, and asked for that good bed. On the doorstep I would have sat me down, and watched for the dawn to put on the garment of fog—what you call the morning wrapper." There was no quenching the ardour of a man who was quite capable of sleeping in the street with this dreadful vapour as a fancy quilt. But it gave me a turn to read that the fog had spread to Paris, where it was described by a sprightly chronicler as our Christmas present. For one whole day, it seems, "Paris looked like a little London." With some anxiety I dipped into Henri Rochefort's journal to see what political complexion he had put upon this. If Paris looked like a little London, was not that a decisive proof of perfidy from Albion? But M. Rochefort was happily too busy with the iniquities of the Freemasons to throw the searchlight of his wisdom on this baleful phenomenon in the Paris atmosphere.

Since Mr. Morley, opening a free library at Woolwich, commended the reading of fiction and of "abundant newspapers" there has been a preening of feathers in some of the daily prints. A vision of studious artisans at Woolwich collecting the wisdom of the Press in the free library there has greatly enhanced the value of that institution. But the kind of newspaper reading Mr. Morley had in mind was probably his own. I don't suppose his eye ever wanders from the world's highest interests, so far as they are represented in the papers, to the accounts of football matches or the racing "fixtures." But what does Mr. Morley think of the student at Woolwich or Oxford who reads football in six separate journals, but doesn't care a rap for the great constitutional struggle in Hungary? The German Rhodes scholar, who writes so pleasantly in *Cornhill* about his Oxford experiences, remarks that the English undergraduate spends a considerable part of his morning over the sporting news of the day, but eschews merely national affairs, and for foreign politics cares no more than the dead. Does the Woolwich artisan turn the newspaper to any better account? Mr. Morley must have hopes of him, for he recommends the patrons of free libraries to read poetry, beginning with Byron. Mr. William Crooks, M.P., might enforce this precept by visiting the Arsenal, and delivering a series of short lectures on "Don Juan" to his constituents in the dinner-hour.

Thus refreshed, they might be struck by the controversy in the most learned of the daily papers about the pronunciation of Petruchio's name. Mr. Oscar Asche and his friends in "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Adelphi, a very mirthful entertainment, call it Petruchio, on the plea that when the Italians spell the name with "ch" they pronounce it hard. When it is spelt Petruccio, it is otherwise. Italian scholars in Fleet Street are at variance. Emissaries, I understand, have been dispatched to Padua, Pisa, and Mantua to interview all the Petruchios they can discover. There is a rumour that, in the Venetian dialect, the "ch" is not hard. But what is it at Woolwich? And what is

thought at the Arsenal of the practical joke on Christopher Sly, who woke up in a magnificent bedstead to find himself treated like a lord, but not allowed to drink a pot of small ale? Is this a proof of Shakspeare's contempt for the working classes? If Mr. Crooks would lecture on Christopher Sly and the pot of small ale, what a justification this would be for the reading of "abundant newspapers" in free libraries!

Another fruitful discussion relates to the practice of after-dinner speaking. I see that one journal calls it a "Neolithic barbarism," which ought to set the Woolwich mind in a train of scientific thinking. Congratulations have poured upon the ingenious gentleman who presided lately at a dinner, and announced that the speeches would be "taken as read." They were printed; I understand, and handed round the table, but not as studiously pondered as the menu. I can suggest a better plan. Why not enclose them in the Christmas crackers? That would give them a chance, for some people at a feast, when they have extracted the fantastic paper caps, and put them on, do occasionally condescend to read the mottoes, the wit and wisdom laboriously gathered by Mr. Tom Smith. Nay, I can imagine a greater triumph for the suppressed "barbarism" than any its author ever hoped for when it used to flow from his lips. For a sympathetic reveller in a paper cap, struck by some phrase he had found in the cracker, might get up and spout it; and then the company, possibly weary of their own conversation, might desire the author to rattle off the entire masterpiece. In this subtle way might the "Neolithic" practice be virtually restored.

I wonder that Mr. Reed, in his "Prehistoric Peeps," has not shown us the after-dinner speaker of the Neolithic age receiving from his auditors gentle hints—stone clubs and so forth—to sit down. We are so civilised now that the hint is nothing worse than a tattoo with coffee-spoons. I remember an orator who responded to the toast of "The Drama," and talked Ibsen at a time when the bare mention of that Norwegian name made your neighbour's eyes bloodshot. The orator was serenely describing how Ibsen was going to revolutionise our drama, when a stentorian voice said, "What about the public?" "The public!" retorted the orator, with a disdainful wave of the hand, "I have never considered that the public has anything to do with the case." Then the spoons began. I thought this showed a lack of humour, for it was really delightful to hear that the public had no concern with the drama. But although elderly gentlemen with bloodshot eyes made a metallic noise to show their disapprobation, they did not throw anything at the speaker; and thus the ascent of man from the Neolithic stage was illustrated in a fashion that would have contented Darwin. On another occasion I listened to a Colonial Governor returning thanks for his Colony. His gratitude consumed half an hour; then three-quarters; then came the monotonous chime of resentful spoons. He held on with undaunted spirit, and the spoons grew demoniacal. But the Colony was not to be beaten; and when the Governor sat down he extorted a burst of sympathetic applause. Primed with his speech, he was determined to deliver that speech, the whole of that speech, and nothing but that speech; and never let it be said that Englishmen do not admire pluck, whatever form it may take.

But the after-dinner speaker, properly considered, is an entertainer, a showman. He must not be confused with the personage who responds inaudibly at a Guildhall banquet to the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces." That is a solemn function of the Constitution; the bulwarks of the country could not be maintained without it. But the real after-dinner speaker is the successor of the old Court jester; he speaks wisdom in the guise of folly to tickle the ear of King Demos. When Demos has dined, he is just in the humour for this fooling; and the philosopher who tells us that it is a slight upon the "sacred and ennobling" character of dinner has mistaken the spirit of the times.

But there is a rival influence. Just as the theatrical manager objects to the music-hall "sketch" as a poacher on his preserves, so the after-dinner speaker should protect himself from the competition of the humourist who leans against the piano. A plaintive ballad is all very well; you can make your little speech after that with great effect. But the gentleman who uses the piano as a confederate, and in the middle of a funny story sits down on the music-stool and strikes a few bass chords, is apt to take the shine out of your most artful rhetoric. Let the orator have his turn with the piano, and accompany his most vivacious remarks with a tripping little obbligato of melody, after the dainty fashion of Miss Marie Tempest in one scene of "The Freedom of Suzanne." If he lack that accomplishment, why not a few comic notes on the flute? Something must be done to save an important British industry from eclipse.

## MEASURING TIME.

(See Illustrations.)

At the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, Mr. Henry Cunynghame, C.B., is delivering a series of lectures to children on ancient and modern methods of measuring time. The first two lectures are illustrated on another page, and we propose to deal with the whole course. Those ancient nations, the lecturer explained, which were most advanced in civilisation—notably, the Chaldeans and the Egyptians and Greeks—undoubtedly first derived their measures of time from observation of the heavenly bodies, whose motions distinguished day from night and marked the months and years. Stationed on high towers, they observed the slow progress of the sun and moon among the stars, and took records of eclipses. In this way they got considerable knowledge. For example, they found that the eclipses of sun and moon regularly recur in periods of nineteen years, and thus eclipses, which once terrified nations by their uncertain appearance, could be predicted. A model was shown to illustrate their appearances, consisting of the earth as an island in the midst of a flat, limitless ocean, to the edge of which it was dangerous to sail. The sun revolved round a pole passing through the island, rising out of the ocean in the east and setting in the west, where the ocean nymphs unyoked the weary horses of the sun's chariot, and gently led them round by secret paths to the east, where they were again yoked to the car for the journey of another day.

The model showed that the sun varies its distance from the North Pole, being nearer the North Pole in summer, further in winter; and this variation, which goes on through the whole period of a year, is the cause of the longer days in summer and shorter days in winter, as also of the seasons. This was further explained by another model which showed the earth moving round the sun, but always with its axis kept parallel to itself. In the model this parallelism was produced by pulleys and a string. In nature it is produced by the spin of the earth, which keeps its axis steady. A large top and a gyroscope were shown, and the tendency of spinning bodies to keep their axes rigid was demonstrated by experiment.

The next point demonstrated was that so far as our observation on earth of the planets and stars is concerned, it is impossible to say whether the earth goes round the sun or the sun round the earth. If bodies in space are moving round one another, it is impossible by mere observation to say which is fixed. For you have to ask, fixed with respect to what? All motion is merely relative. The reasons why the ancients thought the earth was fixed were of a mechanical order. Ptolemy in his "Almagest" argued that if the earth were spinning round, birds would be left behind, and a ball thrown up towards the sky would fall far to the westward. The Pythagoreans considered that it was the earth that was moving and not the sun or the heavens; but the mechanical difficulty above mentioned so impressed philosophers that in ancient times the theory that the earth was at rest prevailed.

The lecturer next spoke of the planets, and their supposed distances from the earth. Incidentally he described the Tower of Babel, with its seven storeys coloured each to represent the planets, the colours being apparently arranged in the order of the colours of the rainbow or spectrum. He showed how, from the fact that three planets were told off to rule each day, the name of the day was regulated by that of the planet that ruled the first watch, and thus the curious order of our modern week was derived.

A diagram shows it. The Sun, Venus, and Mercury rule Sunday; the Moon, Saturn, and Jupiter rule Monday; Mars (in Scandinavian "Tuesco"), the Sun, and Venus rule Tuesday; Mercury (Wodin), the Moon, and Saturn rule Wednesday; and so on, according to a diagram often seen in old astronomical books.

The lecturer next showed why the styles or gnomons of sundials are sloped so as always to point to the polar star. Were it not for this the shadow would vary from summer to winter for the morning and afternoon hours. A sun, mounted on a long pole, was made to move about the theatre, in imitation of the movements of the real sun, to rise higher in summer than in winter, and to exhibit the various changes which shadows show in the varying periods of the year.

Water-clocks next were described, and a model shown of a little figure that rose from a tank and pointed with a stick to a dial, and thus indicated the hours. In Egypt the hours were equal. In Greece they always divided the day into twelve hours, from sunrise to sunset, so that the hour was longer in summer than in winter. The water-clocks, which naturally showed equal hours, were made to show these unequal hours by an ingenious method of shifting the scale of measurement by turning it round on a cylinder, which revolved once in a year, by means of cog-wheels.

Lamps were shown which marked the hours as the oil burned away. These lamps were still in use in Germany about two hundred years ago. The book of Copernicus at the end of the Middle Ages revived the theory that the earth really went round the sun, but this theory made little progress so long as the mechanical difficulties attending it remained, and until it could be explained why, if the earth turned round, birds, balls, and other objects in the air were not left behind. It was reserved for Galileo to do this. By a series of ingenious experiments he showed that if, standing on a moving earth, you throw up a ball, the ball not only derives a vertical motion from the jerk you give it, but also partakes of the motion with which you are being carried round on the earth's surface. Hence, while seeming to you to go up vertically, the ball is really also flying along with the earth. A wagon with a spring-gun was used to show this, and its working is described on our diagram. Thus were the theories of the ancients destroyed, and all objections removed to the acceptance of the Copernican philosophy.



## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

## "THE WHITE CAT," AT DRURY LANE.

It is a mere *façon de parler*, of course, which describes the annual at the Lane as a "children's pantomime." Mr. Arthur Collins's business is primarily to please the "grown-ups" in his audience with broad scenes of fun, with beautiful harmonies of colour, with glittering series of spectacles; and every year he is set the task of eclipsing the record he has himself established. Once more he has emerged successfully from this ordeal, and "The White Cat" may fairly be described as the most riotously comic and the most sumptuously staged, not to say the longest pantomime ever presented at Drury Lane. Its length is due partly to the fact that its author has insisted on telling a story—an original story all about a malignant Fairy Asbestos and a princess transformed into a White Cat (pretty Miss Jeannie Macdonald), and three princes who toured the world in search of love; but the excrescences can soon be lopped. Then it will be seen what a wonderful set of comedians Mr. Collins has got together this year at the Lane—Mr. Harry Randall, most grotesque of Circes, provoking the absurdest mock love-scenes and providing the weirdest banquet it is possible to conceive; Mr. James Welch, rather too quiet at present, but singing the best song in the piece; and, not to mention others, Mr. Fred Eastman, full of humorous resource and energy. Then, too, suburban playgoers will have time to await not only for the charming Watteau-like ballet of the seasons, but also for the final culminating tableau of the Triumph of Hymen, which, with prevailing tints of silver and white, with tiers above tiers of armed warriors and court ladies, with its procession of wedding guests of all nations, proves a really beautiful stage-picture. Miss Marie George as Cupid made the hit of the piece.

## THE OPENING OF THE COLISEUM.

After one or two postponements Mr. Oswald Stoll has at last opened the Coliseum, and may be congratulated not only on the magnificent proportions of his new house, but on the ingenuity with which he has fitted it with appropriately novel entertainment. Giving a double programme twice a day—at least, twice last Saturday—Mr. Stoll contrives to give every "turn" arranged for, from Indian love-song to "coster" street episode, from coon ditty to Irish scene, a most elaborate stage setting; and nowhere else in London have we had stage pictures suggesting so impressively the notions of space and distance. Splendid scenery, for instance, and a large chorus lend wonderful effect to just a simple little song which Miss Decima Moore sings in the character of an Irish colleen. Similarly, in the second part of the programme, the pipers and drummers of the Caledonian Boys' Band help Miss Madge Lessing immensely to win approval for a vivacious military ballad, entitled "Good-bye, little girl, good-bye"; and there are some charming spectacular novelties to illustrate her "Witches" scene, laid amidst the Catskill Mountains. Various well-known names are to be found in the Coliseum cast—for instance, those of Miss Sylvia Sablan, the Boissets, Miss Millie Hylton, and Mr. Eugene Stratton; and each half of the programme concludes with a big tableau, giving a life-like representation of "Derby Day," with its crowds of sightseers, its bookmakers, card-sharpers, police, and finally the great race itself.

## THE CHILDREN'S "MUSICAL MEDLEY" AT THE GARRICK.

There is no mistaking the character of the "children's entertainment" which Mr. Bourchier is offering at Garrick matinees. It is exactly what it aims at being—an entertainment which grown-ups will vote childish and the youngsters delightful. It is artless to the extreme point of naïveté; it has no kind of plot, though its concocter, Mr. Rutland Barrington, acknowledges indebtedness to the two "Dumpy Books," but it is full of boisterous, ingenuous fun. The various amusements by which the roguish Little Black Sambo brings back colour to the cheeks of the peevish but humour-loving Little White Barbara; the coon-songs and cake-walks and whistling solos indulged in by the niggers to whom the black child introduces his white charge; and the sprightly melodies and dance-music, for which various composers are responsible, make up a "musical medley" in which all unspoilt children will revel, the more so as Miss Iris Hawkins, a deliciously demure if very tiny Barbara; Miss Nellie Bowman, a slightly over-zealous but most amusing Sambo; and, above all, Mr. Frank Lawton, who whistles, sings, dances, and plays the bones with equally engaging vivacity, never let the little extravaganza flag. In front of "Little Black Sambo, etc.," is performed a brief play of Mr. Tom Gallon's, possessed of the right flavour of Christmas sentiment, "Lady Jane's Christmas Party," in which Miss Nellie Bowman impersonates very cleverly a kitchen-maid, who entertains with mixed fears and delight a travelling showman, his clown, and other haphazard guests.

## "PRUNELLA," AT THE COURT.

"Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden," now being presented at the Court Theatre, is styled by its authors, Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Granville Barker, "a play for grown-up children." If by this description they mean that here is a dainty and touching little drama calculated to please alike the most unsophisticated and the most exacting taste, they are fully justified of their somewhat enigmatic title. For in their simple story of how a fickle young Pierrot lured poor little Prunella from her Dutch garden and her three quaint guardian-aunts, and took her into the great world with him and deserted her at length, and then, repenting, followed her to the old garden to which she had crept back timidly for pardon, there is at once the charm of literary style and the force of direct and convincing emotional appeal, added to which is a musical score,

written by Mr. Moorat, which so beautifully and imaginatively interprets the feelings and illustrates the speeches of the *dramatis personæ* as to be worthy of comparison with M. Wormser's "Enfant Prodigue." As for the chief players, Miss Thyra Norman shows her customary pretty sincerity in the rôle of Prunella; and if Mr. Granville Barker lacks the poetic note as Pierrot, his elocution, this apart, is impeccable, and he deserves credit not only for his share in the play's authorship, but for his happy stage-management of his exquisite entertainment.

## "SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN," AT THE ROYALTY.

That pretty fairy play of Mr. Philip Carr's adapting, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," which won such favour with the children last year at the Court, has been revived by its author at the Royalty, and should be secure of another spell of success. With its naïve little tale of the persecuted girl-princess and her quaint dwarf friends, with its bright woodland scenes and its refined little songs and dances, with so graceful and bewitching a heroine as Miss Grace Arundale, and so cleverly coached and charmingly dressed a group of children as surround her in the fairy scenes, here is yet another musical piece which is distinguished by good taste and refinement. "Snowdrop" is preceded by Mrs. Hugh Bell's new version of the Grimm fairy story "Rumpelstiltskin."

## THE TIVOLI AND THE EMPIRE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMES.

Among the old favourites who assist in the capital holiday programme at the Tivoli are Miss Louie Freear, the inimitable impersonator of the Cockney "slavey"; Miss Vesta Victoria, with a new golfing song; Mr. Tom Leamore, turned for a while into a ballet-girl; Miss Ray Wallace, the clever mimic; and Mr. Bransby Williams, with some fresh Dickensian studies. The new members of the company, all thoroughly entertaining, include "The Royal Six," equally adept as vocalists, instrumentalists, and cyclists; Mr. Dandy George and his intelligent dog "Rosie"; and, lastly, Miss Radie Furman, a niece of the popular lady known as Happy Fanny Fields, and a comedienne of almost equal sprightliness. At the Empire that attractive divertissement "The Milliner Duchess" will still hold the bill for a few nights longer till "The Dancing Doll" is ready. Meantime there are plenty of first-rate variety "turns," such as Mr. Ludwig Amann's striking facial impersonations of war generals and other celebrities, the Four Luken Brothers' extraordinary gymnastic feats, and the genial drollery of that "tramp"-comedian, Mr. Charles Aldrich.

## THE TSAR'S DECREE.

The Moderate party of Reform in Russia has suffered a grievous disappointment by the publication of the Tsar's decree, from which so much was hoped. The document is neither one thing nor another; if it is anything it is a verbose evasion of every vital point. Bombastic protestations of the Little Father's care for the welfare of his children are followed by utterances of a reactionary officialdom which are nothing more or less than thinly veiled threats that if the Zemstvos continue to voice their demands for reform, it will be the worse for them. The condition of the peasants is said to be "under examination," and "laws regarding them are to be brought into unity with general legislation," which is simply a shelving of the question. The only definite statement is another assertion of the principle of autocracy. The Tsar has missed a great opportunity of securing his throne by large and liberal concessions to the opinion of the most temperate and enlightened of his subjects, for it is these and no wild revolutionaries that lead the Zemstvo movement.

## DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.

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## DEAF AND DUMB POOR,

MARGATE.

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FREDERIC H. MADDEN, Secretary.





THE MOVING BOG SWALLOWING A FARMHOUSE.

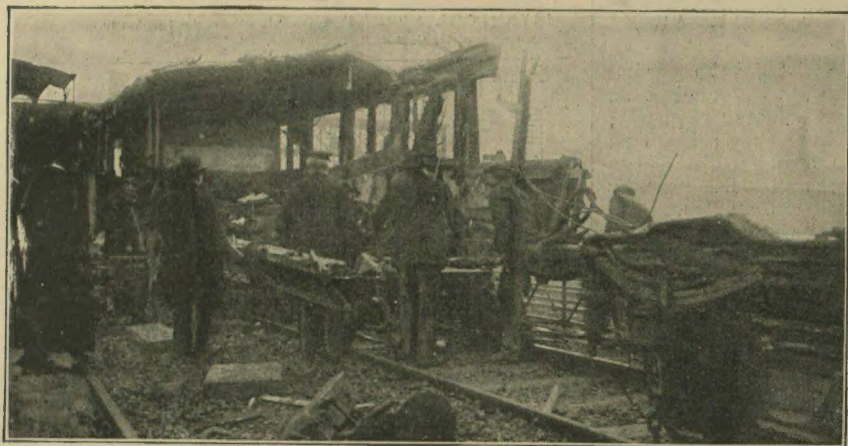


FIGHTING THE MOVING BOG: WORKMEN CLEARING THE ROAD.

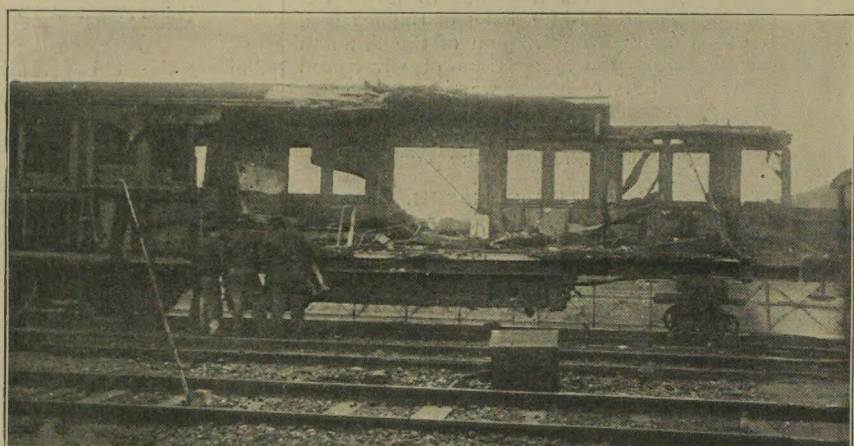
Photos. Topical Press.

A NATURAL TERROR IN IRELAND: DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE MOVING BOG NEAR CASTLEREAGH, COUNTY ROSCOMMON.

The Cloonshievers Bog, which is believed to conceal a sunken lake, burst its bounds on December 19, and has since been spreading devastation. The village of Cloonshievers has been practically swallowed up, and the whole morass, which covers an extent of about sixteen miles, has moved at least one mile. An attempt has been made to cut through the main road so as to drain off the water, but with little success.



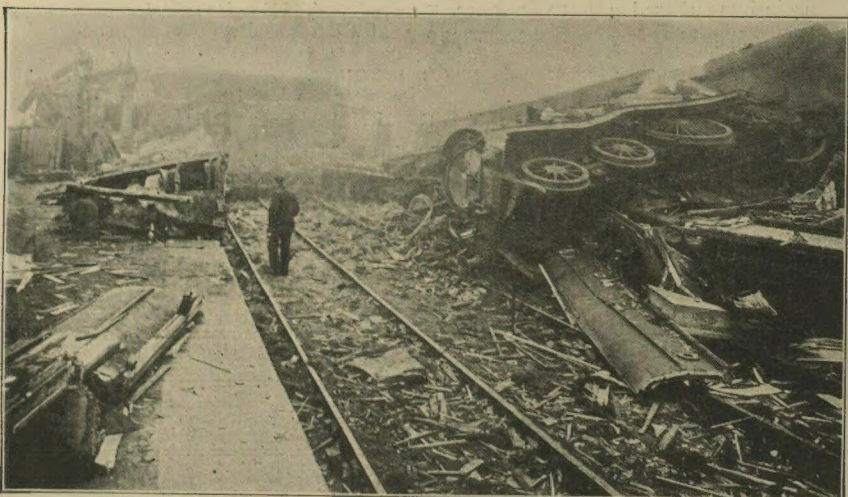
THE SMASHED CAR: END VIEW.



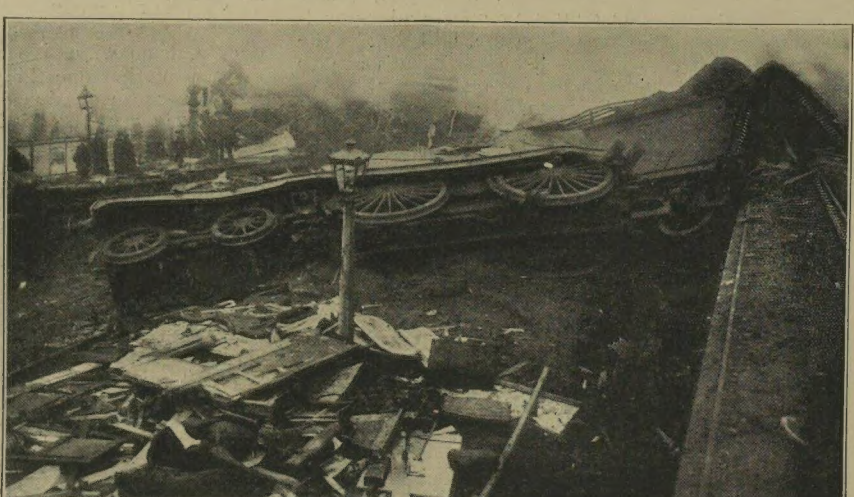
THE SMASHED CAR: SIDE VIEW.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE: THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE BOULOGNE BOAT-TRAIN AND THE LILLE EXPRESS, DECEMBER 23.

The accident is said to have been caused by the fog. The Lille express was due at the Gare du Nord at 10.35; the Boulogne-Rapide ten minutes earlier. Both trains lost a great deal of time on the way, and the Lille train was stopped at the Pont de la Chapelle, two miles from the terminus, to allow an up local to clear the points. The signalman had scarcely allowed the Lille express to proceed when the Boulogne express came up and dashed into the rear of the other train, wrecking the guard's van and a second-class corridor-car. Thirteen French people were, unfortunately, killed, and many were injured. The six hundred English travellers in the Boulogne train escaped unhurt.



THE WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE AND DÉBRIS.

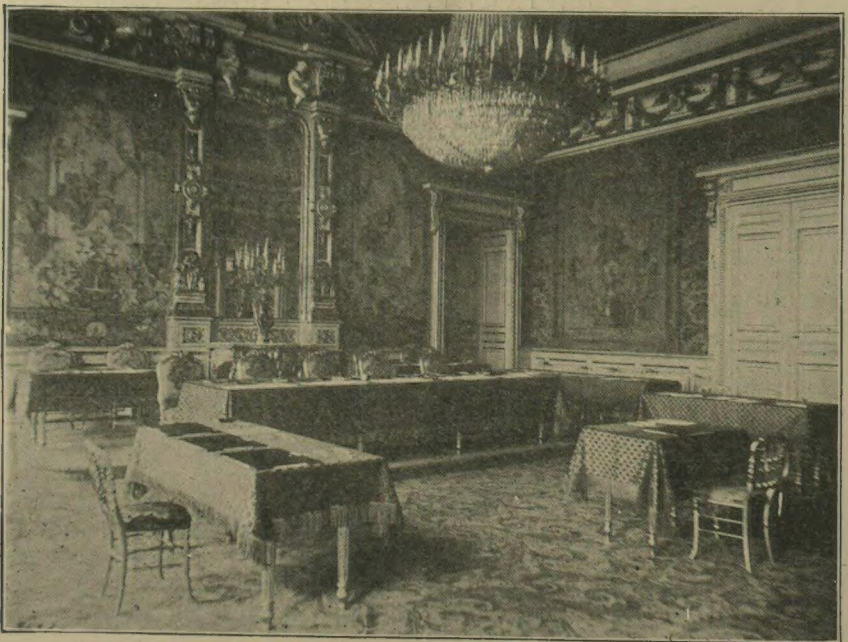


A NEAR VIEW OF THE WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE.

Photos. Payne.

A FOG CASUALTY: THE SMASH ON THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY NEAR AYLESBURY STATION.

A mail and newspaper train which left the Great Central Station at 3 a.m. on December 23 was derailed just as it was rounding the curve at the entrance of the Aylesbury Station. The engine was hurled up on the platform, and the carriages were smashed to matchwood. The train carried away a signal-post and some telegraph-poles, which overhung the debris in a tangled mass. Fortunately there were no passengers in the train, but the driver and two firemen were killed. Contents of the Christmas mail-bags thickly bestrewed the scene of the accident.



THE NORTH SEA COMMISSION IN PARIS: THE SCENE OF THE DELIBERATIONS.

The rooms at the French Foreign Ministry devoted to the work of the inquiry form part of the suite used by the King and Queen of Italy, and are decorated with many fine tapestries.



THE WELSH RELIGIOUS REVIVAL: A BAPTISM IN A STREAM.

Photo. Rach.

On a recent Sunday fourteen people were baptised in the stream here shown. The precise locality is Glynccorwg, near Treorky, Glamorganshire.



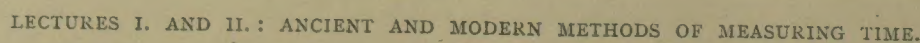
MR. ABBEY'S NEW PANEL AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: AN INTERESTING EPISODE  
IN LONDON HISTORY.



A CIVIC JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON: THE COMPOSITION OF THE FEUD BETWEEN THE MERCHANT TAYLORS COMPANY AND THE SKINNERS COMPANY  
IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

*The story of the panel is told in detail on another page. For permission to make this reproduction we have to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., Messrs. Harper, the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors.*





1. THE ANCIENT IDEA OF THE EARTH AND PATH OF THE SUN IN WINTER AND SUMMER:  
THE EARTH CONCEIVED AS AN ISLAND IN THE MIDST OF A LIMITLESS SEA.
2. A MODEL SHOWING EARTH MOVING ROUND THE SUN.
3. DIAGRAM OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.
4. DIAGRAM SHOWING ORDER OF DAYS OF THE WEEK.
5. THE "SUN MACHINE."

6. AN ANCIENT WATER-CLOCK.
- As water flows into the left-hand cylinder the figure with the pointer rises, thus indicating the time on the other graduated cylinder, which revolved once a year. The spaces vary, because the Greeks reckoned longer hours in summer than in winter.*
7. THE REASON WHY OBJECTS THROWN INTO THE AIR ARE NOT LEFT BEHIND BY THE EARTH:  
THE FACT DEMONSTRATED BY A BALL SHOT FROM A SPRING-GUN ON A WAGON.



# KING PANTOMIME AT THE PLAYHOUSES: FOUR HOLIDAY PIECES.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



"RED RIDING-HOOD," AT THE CORONET THEATRE.

"ALADDIN," AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

"RED RIDING-HOOD," AT THE KING'S THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.

"THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE FULHAM THEATRE.



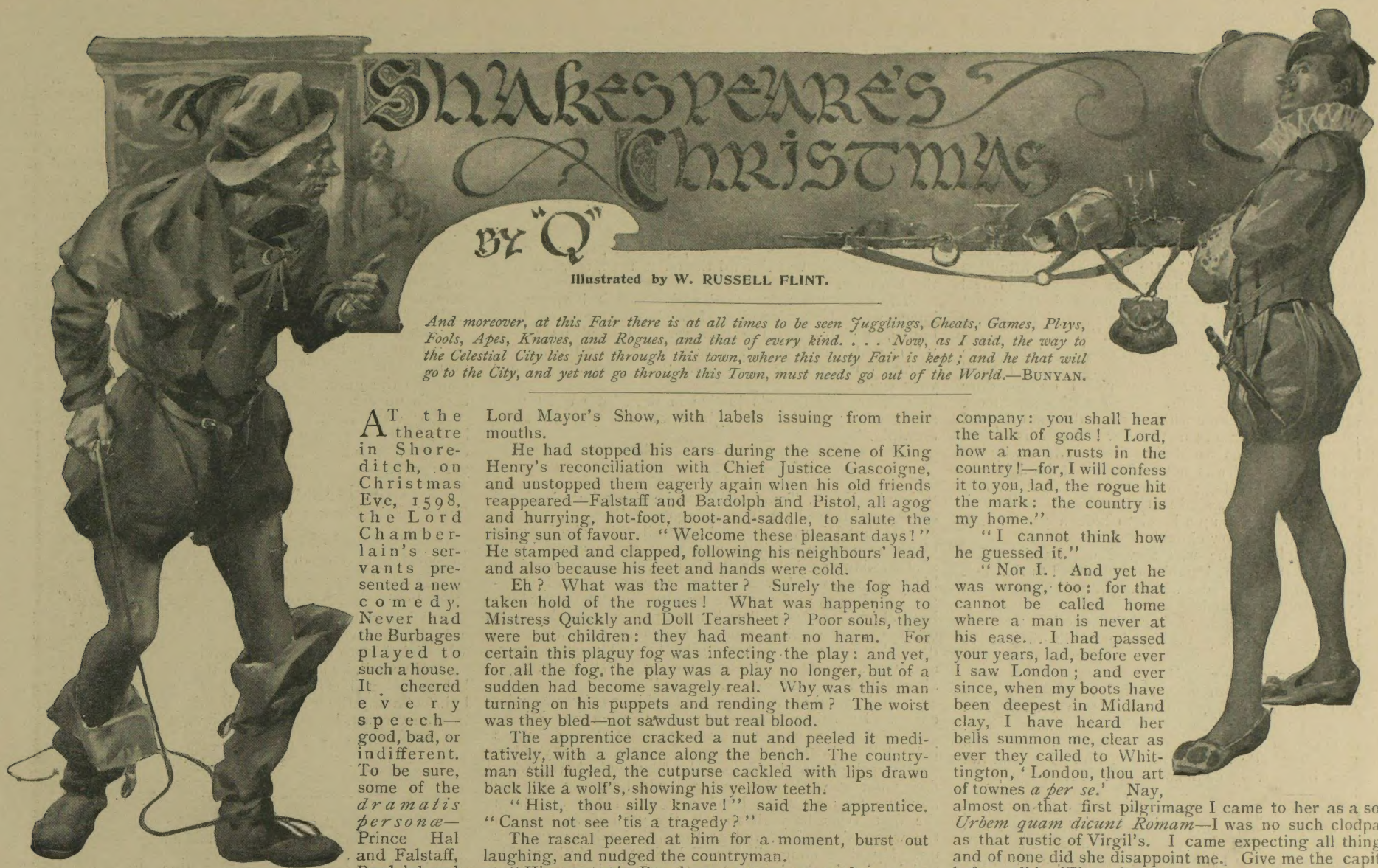
KING PANTOMIME AT THE NATIONAL PLAYHOUSE: "THE WHITE CAT," AT DRURY LANE.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG.



"THE POLICEMEN'S BALLET," AND MANY CHARACTERS.





And moreover, at this Fair there is at all times to be seen Jugglings, Cheats, Games, Plays, Fools, Apes, Knaves, and Rogues, and that of every kind. . . . Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town, where this lusty Fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this Town, must needs go out of the World.—BUNYAN.

AT the theatre in Shoreditch, on Christmas Eve, 1598, the Lord Chamberlain's servants presented a new comedy. Never had the Burbages played to such a house. It cheered every speech—good, bad, or indifferent. To be sure, some of the dramatic personæ—Prince Hal and Falstaff, Bardolph and Mistress

Lord Mayor's Show, with labels issuing from their mouths.

He had stopped his ears during the scene of King Henry's reconciliation with Chief Justice Gascoigne, and unstopped them eagerly again when his old friends reappeared—Falstaff and Bardolph and Pistol, all agog and hurrying, hot-foot, boot-and-saddle, to salute the rising sun of favour. "Welcome these pleasant days!" He stamped and clapped, following his neighbours' lead, and also because his feet and hands were cold.

Eh? What was the matter? Surely the fog had taken hold of the rogues! What was happening to Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet? Poor souls, they were but children: they had meant no harm. For certain this plaguy fog was infecting the play: and yet, for all the fog, the play was a play no longer, but of a sudden had become savagely real. Why was this man turning on his puppets and rending them? The worst was they bled—not sawdust but real blood.

The apprentice cracked a nut and peeled it meditatively, with a glance along the bench. The countryman still fugged, the cutpurse cackled with lips drawn back like a wolf's, showing his yellow teeth.

"Hist, thou silly knave!" said the apprentice. "Canst not see 'tis a tragedy?"

The rascal peered at him for a moment, burst out laughing, and nudged the countryman.

"Hi, master! Breeds your common at home any such goose as this, that cannot tell tickling from roasting?"

The apprentice cracked another nut. "Give it time," he answered: "I said a tragedy. Yours, if you will, my friend; *his* too, may be"—with a long and curious stare at the countryman.

## II.

"My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good-night: and so kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen."

Play, epilogue, dance, all were over; the curtains drawn, the lanterns hidden behind them. The cutpurse had slipped away, and the countryman and apprentice found themselves side by side waiting while the gallery dissolved its crowd into the fog.

"A brisk fellow," remarked the one, nodding at the vacant seat as he stowed away his handkerchief. "But why should he guess me a rustic?"

"The fellow has no discernment," the apprentice answered dryly. "He even took the play for a merry one."

The countryman peered forward into the young-old face silhouetted against the glow which, cast upward and over the curtain-rod across the stage, but faintly reached the gallery.

"I love wit, Sir, wherever I meet it. For a pint of sack you shall prove me this play a sad one, and choose your tavern!"

"I thank you, but had liefer begin and discuss the epilogue: and the epilogue is 'Who's to pay?'"

"A gentleman of Warwickshire, Master What-d' ye lack—will that content you? A gentleman of Warwickshire, with a coat-of-arms, or the College's promise—which, I take it, amounts to the same thing." The countryman puffed his cheeks.

"So-so?" The apprentice chuckled.

"When we mean to build

We first survey the plot, then search our pockets.

How goes it? Either so, or to that effect."

"The devil!" The countryman, who had been fumbling in his breech pockets, drew forth two hands blankly, spreading empty fingers.

"That was your neighbour, Sir: a briske fellow, as you were clever enough to detect, albeit unserviceably late. I wish we had made acquaintance sooner: 'twould have given me liberty to warn you."

"'Twas a Christian's merest duty."

"La, la, master! In London the sneaking of a purse is no such rarity that a poor 'prentice pays two-pence to gape at it. I paid to see the play, Sir, and fought hard for my seat. Before my master gave over beating me, in fear of my inches and his wife (who has a liking for me), he taught me to husband my time. For your purse, the back of my head had eyes enough to tell me what befalls when a lean dog finds himself alongside a bone."

He seated himself on the bench, unstrapped a shoe, slipped two fingers beneath his stocking, and drew forth a silver piece. "If a gentleman of Warwickshire will be beholden to a poor apprentice of Cheapside?"

"Put it up, boy; put it up! I need not your money, good lad: but I like the spirit of that offer, and to meet it will enlarge my promise. A pint of sack, did I say? You shall sup with me to-night, and of the best, or I am a Dutchman. We will go see the town together, the roaring, gallant town. I will make you free of great

company: you shall hear the talk of gods! Lord, how a man rusts in the country!—for, I will confess it to you, lad, the rogue hit the mark: the country is my home."

"I cannot think how he guessed it."

"Nor I. And yet he was wrong, too; for that cannot be called home where a man is never at his ease. I had passed your years, lad, before ever I saw London; and ever since, when my boots have been deepest in Midland clay, I have heard her bells summon me, clear as ever they called to Whittington, 'London, thou art of townes a *per se*.' Nay, almost on that first pilgrimage I came to her as a son. *Urbem quam dicunt Romam*—I was no such clodpate as that rustic of Virgil's. I came expecting all things, and of none did she disappoint me. Give me the capital before all! 'Tis only there a man measures himself with men."

"And cutpurses?" the apprentice interjected.

"Good and bad, rough and smooth," the countryman assented, with a large and catholic smile. "'Tis no question of degrees, my friend, but of kind. I begin to think that, dwelling in London, you have not made her acquaintance. But you shall. As a father, lad—for I like you—I will open your eyes and teach your inheritance. What say you to the Bankside, for example?"

"The Bankside—hem!—and as a father!" scoffed the youth, but his eyes glistened. He was wise beyond his opportunities, and knew all about the Bankside, albeit he had never walked through that quarter but in daylight, wondering at the histories behind its house-fronts.

"As a father, I said; and evil be to him who evil thinks."

"I can tell you of one who will think evil; and that is my master. I can tell you of another; and that will be the sheriff, when I am haled before him."

"You said just now—or my hearing played a trick—that your mistress had a liking for you."

"And you said, 'Evil be to him that evil thinks.' She hath a double chin, and owns to fifty-five."

"What, chins!"

"Years, years, master. Like a grandmother she dotes on me and looks after my morals. Nathless when you talk of Bankside—" The apprentice hesitated: in the dusk his shrewd young eyes glistened. "Say that I risk it?" He hesitated again.

"Lads were not so cautious in my young days. I pay the shot, I tell you—a gentleman of Warwickshire and known to the College of Arms."

"It standeth on Paul's Wharf and handy for the ferry to Bankside: but the College closes early on Christmas Eve, and the Heralds be all at holiday. An you think of pawning your coat-of-arms with them to raise the wind, never say that I let you take that long way round without warning."

"Leave the cost to me, once more." The countryman gazed down into the well of the theatre as if seeking an acquaintance among the figures below. "But what are they doing? What a plague means this hammering? A man cannot hear himself speak for it."

"'Tis the play."

"The play?"

"The true play—the play you applauded: and writ by the same Will Shakespeare, they tell me—some share of it at least. Cometh he not, by the way, from your part of the world?"

The countryman's eyes glistened in their turn: almost in the dusk they appeared to shine with tears.

"Aye, I knew him, down in Warwickshire: a good lad he was, though his mother wept over him for a wild one. Hast ever seen a hen when her duckling takes to water? So it is with woman when, haply, she has hatched out genius."

The apprentice slapped his leg. "I could have sworn it!"

"Hey?"

"Nay, question me not, master, for I cannot bring it to words. You tell me that you knew him: and I—on the instant I clapped eyes on you it seemed that somehow you were part of his world and somehow had belonged to him. Nearer I cannot get, unless you tell me more."

"I knew him, to be sure, down in Warwickshire: but he has gone somedel beyond my ken, living in London, you see."

Quickly—were old friends; but this alone would not account for such a welcome. A cutpurse in the two-penny gallery who had been paid to lead the applause gave up toiling in the wake of it, and leaned back with a grin.

"Bravo, master!" said he to his left-hand neighbour, a burly, red-faced countryman well past middle age, whose laughter kept the bench rocking. "But have a care, lest they mistake you for the author!"

"The author? Ho-ho!" but here he broke off to leap to his feet and lead another round of applause. "The author?" he repeated, dropping back and glancing an eye sidelong from under his handkerchief while he mopped his brow. "You shoot better than you know, my friend. The bolt grazes: but a miss, they say, is as good as a mile."

The cutpurse kept his furtive grin, but was evidently puzzled. Now a while before it had been the countryman who showed signs of bewilderment. Until the drawing of the curtains he had fidgeted nervously, then, as now, mopping his forehead in despite of the raw December air. The first shouts of applause had seemed to astonish as well as delight him. When, for example, a player stepped forward and flung an arm impressively towards heaven while he recited—

When we mean to build

We first survey the plot, then draw the model

and so paused with a smile, his voice drowned in thunder from every side of the house, our friend had rubbed his eyes and gazed around in amiable protest, as who should say, "Come, come . . . but let us discriminate!" By-and-by, however, as the indifferent applause grew warmer, he warmed with it. At the entrance of Falstaff he let out a bellowing laugh, a shout worthy of Olympian Jove, and from that moment led the house. The fops on the sixpenny stools began to mimic, the pit and lower gallery to crane necks for a sight of their fogleman; a few serious playgoers called to have him pitched out; but the mass of the audience backed him with shouts of encouragement. Some wag hailed him as "Burbage's Landlord," and apparently there was meaning, if not merit, in the jest. Without understanding it he played up to it royally, leaning forward for each tally-ho! and afterwards waving his hat as a huntsman laying on his hounds.

The pace of the performance (it had begun at one o'clock) dragged sensibly, with all this, and midway in Act IV., as the edge of a grey river-fog overlapped and settled gradually upon the well of the unroofed theatre, voices began to cough and call for lanterns. Two lackeys ran with a dozen. Some they hung from the balcony at the back, others they disposed along both sides of the stage, in front of the sixpenny stools, the audience all the while chaffing them by their Christian names and affectionately pelting them with nuts. Still the fog gathered, until the lantern-rays criss-crossed the stage in separate shafts, and among them the actors moved through Act V. in a luminous haze, their figures looming large, their voices muffled and incredibly remote.

An idle apprentice, seated on the right of the cutpurse, began for a game to stop and unstop his ears. This gave the cutpurse an opportunity to search his pockets. *Cantat vacuus*: the apprentice felt him at it and went on with his game. Whenever he stopped his ears the steaming breath of the players reminded him of the painted figures he had seen carried in my



"He goes beyond any man's kenning: he that has taught us to ken the world with new eyes. I tell you, master"—the apprentice stretched out a hand—"I go seeking him like one seeking a father who has begotten him into a new world, seeking him with eyes derived from him. Tell me—"

But the countryman was leaning over the gallery-rail and scanning the pit again. He seemed a trifle bored by a conversation if not of less, then certainly of other, wit than he had bargained for. Somebody had drawn the curtains back from the stage, where the two lackeys who had decked the balcony with lanterns were busy now with crowbars, levering its wooden supports from their sockets.

"Sure," said he, musing, "they don't lift and pack away the stage every night, do they? Or is this some new law to harass players?" He brought his attention back to the apprentice with an effort. "If you feel that way towards him, lad," he answered, "why not accost him? He walks London streets; and he has, if I remember, a courteous, easy manner."

"If the man and his secret were one! But they are not, and there lies the fear—that by finding one I shall miss the other and recover it never. I cannot dare either risk: I want them both. You see, this afternoon, how, when the secret came within grasp, the man slipped away; how, having taught us to know Falstaff as a foot its old shoe, he left us wondering on a sudden why we laughed! And yet 'twas not sudden, but bred in the play from the beginning; no, nor cruel, but merely right: only he had persuaded us to forget it."

The countryman put up a hand to hide a yawn: and the yawn ended in a slow chuckle.

"Eh? the old rogue was served out handsomely: though, to tell the truth, I paid no great heed to that last scene, my midriff being sore with laughing."

The apprentice sighed.

"But what is happening below?" the other went on impatiently. "Are they taking the whole theatre to pieces?"

"That is part of the play."

"A whole regiment of workmen?"

"And no stage-army, neither. Yet they come into the play—not the play you saw without understanding, but the play you understood without seeing. They call it *The Phoenix*. Be seated, master, while I unfold the plot: this hammering deafens me. The Burbages, you must know—"

"I knew old James, the father. He brought me down a company of players to our town the year I was High-Bailiff; the first that ever played in our Guildhall. Though a countryman I have loved the arts, even to the length of losing much money by them. A boon fellow, old James! and yet dignified as any alderman. He died—let me see—was it two years ago? The news kept me sad for a week."

"A good player, too," the apprentice nodded, "though not a patch upon his son Richard. Cuthbert will serve, in ripe sententious parts that need gravity and a good memory for the lines. But Richard bears the bell of the Burbages. Well, Sir, old James being dead, and suddenly, and (as you say) these two years come February, his sons must go suing to the ground landlord, the theatre being leased upon their dad's life. You follow me?"

The countryman nodded in his turn.

"Very well. The landlord, being a skinflint, was willing to renew the lease, but must raise the rent. If they refused to pay it, the playhouse fell to him. You may fancy how the Burbages called gods and men to witness. Being acquainted with players, you must know how little they enjoy affliction until the whole town shares it. Never so rang Jerusalem with all the woes of Jeremy as did City and suburb from north beyond Bishopsgate to south along the river, with cursings of this landlord, who—to cap the humour of it—is a precisian, and never goes near a playhouse. Nevertheless, he patched up a truce for two years ending to-night, raising the rent a little, but not to the stretch of his demands. To-morrow—or, rather, the day after, since to-morrow is Christmas—the word is pay or quit. But in yielding this he yielded our friends the counter-stroke. They have bought a plot across the water, in the Clink Liberty: and to-morrow, should he pass this way to church, no theatre will be here for him to smack his Puritan lips over. But for this hammering and the deep slush outside you might even now hear the rumbling of wagons; for wagons there be, a dozen of them, ready to cart the Muses over the bridge before midnight. 'Tis the proper vehicle of Thespis. See those dozen stout rascals lifting the proscenium—"

The countryman smote his great hands together, flung back his head, and let his lungs open in shout after shout of laughter.

"But, master—"

"Oh—oh—oh! Hold my sides, lad, or I start a rib. . . . Nay, if you keep st-staring at me with that s-sol-ol-ol-ol-ol-ol face. Don't—oh, don't!"

"Now I know," murmured the apprentice, "what kind of jest goes down in the country: and, by'r Lady, it goes deep!"

But an instant later the man had heaved himself upon his feet; his eyes expanded from their creases into great O's; his whole body towered and distended itself in gigantic indignation. "The villain! The nipcheese curmudgeonly villain! And we tarry here, talking, while such things are done in England! A Nabab, I say. Give me a hammer!" He heaved up an enormous thigh and bestrode the gallery-rail.

"Have a care, master: the rail—"

"A hammer! Below there. A hammer!" He leaned over, bellowing. The gang of workmen lifting the proscenium stared up open-mouthed into the foggy gloom—a ring of ghostly faces upturned in a luminous haze.

Already the man's legs dangled over the void. Twelve, fifteen feet perhaps, beneath him projected a lower gallery, empty but for three tiers of disordered benches. Plumb as a gannet he dropped, and an eloquent crash of timber reported his arrival below. The apprentice, craning over, saw him regain his feet, scramble over the second rail, and vanish. Followed

an instant's silence, a dull thud, a cry from the workmen in the area. The apprentice ran for the gallery stairs and leapt down them, three steps at a time.

It took him, maybe, forty seconds to reach the area. There already, stripped to the shirt, in a whirl of dust and voices, stood his friend waving a hammer and shouting down the loudest. The man was possessed, transformed, a Boanerges; his hammer, a hammer of Thor! He had caught it from the hand of a douce, sober-looking man in a plum-coloured doublet, who stood watching but taking no active share in the work.

"By your leave, Sir!"

"With or without my leave, good Sir, since you are determined to have it," said the quiet man, surrendering the hammer.

The countryman snatched and thrust it between his knees while he stripped. Then, having spat on both hands, he grasped the hammer and tried its poise. "'Tis odd, now," said he, as if upon an afterthought, staring down on the quiet man, "but methinks I know your voice?"

"Marry and there's justice in that," the quiet man answered; "for 'tis the ghost of one you drowned erewhile."

### III.

"Tom! What, Tom! Where be the others? I tell thee, Tom, there have been doings . . ."

"Is that Dick Burbage?" A frail, thin windle-straw of a man came coughing across the foggy courtyard with a stable-lantern, holding it high. Its rays wavered on his own face, which was young but extraordinarily haggard, and on the piles of timber between and over which he picked his way—timber-heaped, pell-mell in the slush of the yard or stacked against the boundary wall, some daubed with paint, others gilded wholly or in part, and twinkling as the lantern swung. "Dick Burbage already? Has it miscarried, then?"

"Miscarried? What in the world was there to miscarry? I tell thee, Tom—but where be the others?"

The frail man jerked a thumb at the darkness behind his shoulder. "Hark to them, back yonder, stacking the beams! Where should they be? and what doing but at work like galley-slaves, by the pace you have kept us going? Look around: I tell you from the first 'twas busy-all to get the yard clear between the wagons' coming, and at the fifth load we gave it up. My shirt clings like a dish-clout; a chill on this will be the death o' me. What a plague! How many scoundrels did you hire, that they take a house to pieces and cart it across Thames faster than we can unload it?"

"That's the kernel of the story, lad. I hired the two-score rogues agreed on, neither more nor less: but one descended out of heaven and raised the number to twelve-score. Ten-score extra, as I am a sinner; and yet but one man, for I counted him. His name, he told me, was Legion."

"Dick," said the other sadly, "when a sober man gives way to drinking—I don't blame you: and your pocket will be the loser more than all the rest if you've boggled to-night's work, but poor Cuthbert will take it to heart."

"There was a man, I tell you—"

"Tut, tut, pull yourself together and run back across bridge. Or let me go: take my arm now, before the others see you. You shall tell me on the way what's wrong at Shoreditch."

"There is naught wrong with Shoreditch, forby that it has lost a theatre: and I am not drunk, Tom Nashe—no, not by one-tenth as drunk as I deserve to be, seeing that the house is down, every stick of it, and the bells scarce yet tolling midnight. 'Twas all this man, I tell you—"

"Down? The Theatre down? Oh, go back, Dick Burbage!"

"Level with the ground, I tell you—his site a habitation for the satyr. *Cecidit, cecidit Babylon illa magna*, and the last remains of it, more by token, following close on my heels in six wagons. Hist, then, my Thomas, my Didymus, my doubting one!—canst not hear the rumble of their wheels? and—Oh, good Lord!" Burbage caught his friend by the arm and leaned against him heavily. "He's there, and following!"

The wagons came rolling over the cobbles of the Clink along the roadway outside the high boundary-wall of the yard: and as they came, clear above their rumble and the slow clatter of hoofs a voice like a trumpet declaimed into the night—

"Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,

Whose beryall streamys, pleasaunt and preclare,

Under thy lusty wallys renneth downe,

Where many a swan doth swynne with wyngs fair,

Where many a barge doth sail and row with are—

We had done better—a murrain on their cobbles!—we had done better, led to step around by Paul's Wharf and take boat. . . . This jolting ill agrees with a man of my weight. . . .

Where many a barge doth sail and row with are—

Gr-r-r! Did I not warn thee beware, master wagoner, of the kerbstones at the corners? We had done better by water, what though it be dark. . . . Lights of Bankside on the water . . . no such sight in Europe, they tell me. . . . My Lord of Surrey took boat one night from Westminster and fired into their windows with a stone-bow, breaking much glass . . . drove all the longshore queans screaming into the streets in their night-rails. . . . He went to the Fleet for it . . . a Privy Council matter. . . . I forgive the lad, for my part: for only think of it—all those windows aflame on the river, and no such river in Europe!

Where many a barge doth sail and row with are;

Where many a ship doth rest with top-royall;

O towne of townes! patrons and not compare,

London, thou art the flow'r of Cities all!

Who-oo!"

"In the name of—" stammered Nashe, as he listened, Burbage all the while clutching his arm.

"He dropped from the top gallery, I tell you—clean into the pit from the top gallery—and he weighs eighteen stone if an ounce. 'Your servant, Sir, and of all the Muses,' he says, picking himself up; and with that takes the hammer from my hand and plays Pyrrhus in Troy—Pyrrhus with all the ravening Danaï behind him: for those hired scoundrels of mine took fire, and started ripping out the bowels of the poor old theatre as though it had been the Fleet and lodged all their cronies within! It went down before my eyes like a sand-castle before the tide: within three hours they had wiped the earth of it. The Lord be praised that Philip Gosson had ne'er such an arm, nor could command such! Oh, but he's a portent! Troy's horse and Bankes's bay gelding together are a fool to him: he would harness them as Samson did the little foxes, and fire brushwood under their tails. . . ."

"Of a certainty you are drunk, Dick."

"Drunk? I?" Burbage gripped the other's thin arm hysterically. "If you want to see a man drunk come to the gate. Nay, then, stay where you are: for there's no escaping him."

Nor was there. Between them and the wagoners' lanterns at the gate a huge shadow thrust itself, the owner of it rolling like a ship in a sea-way, while he yet recited—

"Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis,

(meaning the Clink, my son),

Wise be the people that within thee dwellis,

(which you may take for the inhabitants thereof),

Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis,

Blith be thy churches, welc sowning be thy bellis."

"Well sounding is my belly, master, any way," put in a high, thin voice; "and it calls on a gentleman of Warwickshire to redeem his promise."

"He shall, he shall, lad—in the fullness of time: 'but before dining ring at the bell,' says the proverb. Grope, lad, feel along the gate-posts if this yard, this courtyard, this base-court, hath any such thing as bell or knocker."

And when they came to mery Carleile

All in the mornnyng tyde,

They found the gates shut them until

About on every syde.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates

With strokes great and stronge—

Step warely, lad. Plague of this forest! Have we brought timber to Sherwood?

With strokes great and stronge:

The porter marvelled who was thereat,

And to the gates he thronge.

They called the porter to counsell,

And wrange his necke in two,

And caste him in a depe dungeon,

And took hys keys hym fro.

Within! You rascal, there, with the lantern! . . . Eh? but these be two gentlemen, it appears? I cry your mercy, Sirs."

"For calling us rascals?" Nashe stepped forward. "'T hath been done to me before now, in print, upon as good evidence, and to my friend here by Act of Parliament."

"But seeing you with a common stable-lantern—"

"Yet Diogenes was a gentleman. Put it that, like him, I am searching for an honest man."

"Then we are well met. I' faith we are very well met," responded the countryman, recognising Burbage's grave face and plum-coloured doublet.

"Or, as one might better say, well overtaken," said Burbage.

"Marry, and with a suit. I have some acquaintance, Sir, with members of your honourable calling, as in detail and at large I could prove to you. Either I have made poor use of it or I guess aright, as I guess with confidence, that after the triumph will come the speech-making, and the supper's already bespoken."

"At Nance Witwold's, by the corner of Paris Garden, Sir, where you shall be welcome."

"I thank you, Sir: but my suit is rather for this young friend of mine, to whom I have pledged my word."

"He shall be welcome, too."

"He tells me, Sir, that you are Richard Burbage. I knew your father well, Sir—an honest Warwickshire man: he condescended to my roof and tasted my poor hospitality many a time; and belike you, too, Sir, being then a child, may have done the same: for I talk of prosperous days long since past—nay, so long since that 'twould be a wonder indeed had you remembered me. The more pleasure it gives me, Sir, to find James Burbage's sappy virtues flourishing in the young wood, and by the branch be reminded of the noble stock."

"The happier am I, Sir, to have given you welcome or ever I heard your claim."

"Faith!" said the apprentice to himself, "compliments begin to fly when gentlefolks meet." But he had not bargained to sup in this high company, and the prospect thrilled him with delicious terror. He glanced nervously across the yard where footsteps were approaching, and another lantern.

"My claim?" the countryman answered Burbage.

"You have heard but a part of it as yet. Nay, you have heard none of it, since I use not past hospitalities with old friends to claim a return from their children. My claim, Sir, is a livelier one—"

"Tom Nashe! Tom Nashe!" called a voice, clear and strong and masculine, from the darkness behind the advancing lantern.

"Anon, anon, Sir," quoted Nashe, swinging his own lantern about and mimicking.

"Don't tell me there be yet more wagons arrived?" asked the voice.

"Six, lad—six, as I hope for mercy! and outside the gate at this moment."



"There they must tarry, then, till our fellows take breath to unload 'em. But—six? How is it managed, think you? Has Dick Burbage called out the trainband to help him? Why, hullo, Dick! What means—?" The newcomer's eyes, round with wonder as they rested a moment on Burbage, grew rounder yet as they travelled past him to the countryman. "Father!" he stammered, incredulous.

"Good evening, Will! Give ye good evening, my son! Set down that lantern and embrace me, like a good boy: a good boy, albeit a man of fame. Didst not see me, then, in the theatre this afternoon? Yet was I to the fore there, methinks, and proud to be called John Shakespeare."

"Nay, I was not there; having other fish to fry."

"Shouldst have heard the applause, lad; it warmed your old father's heart. Yet 'twas no more than the play deserved. A very neat, pretty drollery—upon my faith, no man's son could have written a neater!"

"But what hath fetched you to London?"

"Business, business: a touch, too, maybe, of the old homesickness: but business first. Dick Quiney—But pass me the lantern, my son, that I may take a look at thee. Ay, thou has sobered, thou hast solidified: thy beard hath ta'en the right citizen's cut—'twould ha' been a cordial to thy poor mother to see thee wear so

be dry an we keep 'em gaping at our country discourse. Here come I with Thespis riding on a wagon: but where tarries the vintage feast? Where be the spigots? Where be the roasted geese, capons, sucking-pigs? Where the hogs-puddings, the trifles, the custards, the frumenties? Where the minstrels? Where the dancing girls? I have in these three hours swallowed as many pecks of dust. I am for the bucket before the manger and for good talk after both—high, brave translunary talk with wine in the veins of it—Hippocras with hippocrene: with music too—some little kickshaw whatnots of the theorbo or viol da gamba pleasantly thrown in for interludes. 'Tis a fog-pated land I come from, with a pestilent rheumy drip from the trees and the country scarce recovered from last year's dearth—"

"Dick Quiney should have made the better prices for that dearth," put in his son, knitting his great brow thoughtfully. "With wheat at fifty shillings, and oats—"

"The malt, lad, the malt! His brewhouse swallowed malt at twenty-eight or nine which a short two years before had cost him twelve-and-threepence the quarter. A year of dearth, I say. It took poor Dick at unawares. But give him time: he will pull round. Sure, we be slow in the country, but you have some in this town that

your wage, your master will tell you I settled it at the time I bargained for his wagons—aye, and paid. I hold his receipt."

"For tenpence a man—mowers' wages," growled the wagoner.

"I asked him his price and he fixed it: 'tis the current rate, I understand, and a trifle over."

"Depends on the job. I've been talkin' with my mates, and we don't like it: we're decent labouring men, and shifting a lot of play-actors' baggage don't come in our day's work. I'd as lief wash dirty linen for my part. Therefore," the fellow wound up lucidly, "you'll make it twelvepence a head, master. We don't take a groat less."

"I see," said Burbage blandly; "twopence for salving your conscience, hey? And so, being a decent man, you don't stomach players?"

"No, nor the Bankside at this hour o' night. I live clean, I tell you."

"'Tis a godless neighbourhood and a violent," Burbage drew a silver whistle from his doublet and eyed it pensively. "Listen a moment, master wagoner, and tell me what you hear."

"I hear music o' sorts. No Christmas carols, I warrant."

"Aught else?"



*The wagoner had swung about surlily on his heel. "I'll not risk disputing it," he growled.*

staid a beard. Rest her soul! There's nothing like property for filling out a man's frame, firming his eye, his frame, bearing, footstep. Talking of property, I have been none so idle a steward for thee. New Place I have made habitable—the house at least; patched up the roof, taken down and rebuilt the west chimney that was overleaning the road, repaired the launders, enlarged the parlour-window, run out the kitchen passage to a new back-entrance. The garden I cropped with peas this summer, and have set lettuce and winter-kale between the young apple-trees, whereof the whole are doing well, and the mulberry likewise I look for to thrive. Well, as I was saying, Dick Quiney—"

"—Is in trouble again, you need not tell."

"None so bad but it could be mended by the thirty pounds whereof I wrote. Mytton will be security with him, now that Bushell draws back. He offers better than those few acres at Shottory you dealt upon in January."

"Land is land."

"And ale is ale: you may take up a mortgage on the brewhouse. Hast ever heard, Mr. Burbage?"—John Shakespeare swung about—"of a proverb we have down in our Warwickshire? It goes—"

Who buys land buys stones,  
Who buys meat buys bones,  
Who buys eggs buys shells,  
But who buys ale buys nothing else!

And that sets me in mind, Will, that these friends of yours have bidden me to supper: and their throats will

will beat us. How many years, lad, have I been battering the doors of Herald's College for that grant of arms, promised ere my beard was grey and yours fully grown?"

"Malt at twenty-eight, you say?"

"Last year, lad—a year of dearth. Call it a good twenty in these bettering times, and wheat anything under forty-five shillings."

"Well, we will talk it over." His son seemed to come out of a brown study. "We will talk it over," he repeated briskly, and added, "How? The chimney overleaning the road? 'Twas a stout enough chimney, as I remember, and might have lasted another twenty years. Where did you draw the bricks?"

Nashe glanced at his friend with a puzzled smile. Burbage—better used, no doubt, to the businesslike ways of authors—betrayed no surprise. The apprentice stared, scarcely believing his ears. Was this the talk of Shakespeare? Nay, rather the talk of Justice Shallow himself—"How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?" "How a score of ewes now?"

A heavy tread approached from the gateway.

"Are we to bide here all night, and on Christmas morn, too?" a gruff voice demanded. "Unload, and pay us our wage, or we tip the whole load of it into Thames." Here the wagoner's shin encountered in the darkness with a plank, and he cursed violently.

"Go you back to your horses, my friend," answered Burbage: "the unloading shall begin presently. As for

"Ay: a sound like a noise of dogs baying over yonder."

"Right again: it comes from the kennels by the Bear-Pit. Have you a wish, my friend, to make nearer acquaintance with these dogs? No? With the bears, then? Say the word, and inside of a minute I can whistle up your two-pennyworth."

The wagoner with a dropping jaw stared from one to another of the ring of faces in the lantern-light. They were quiet, determined. Only the apprentice stood with ears pricked, as it were, and shivered at the distant baying.

"No offence, Sir; I meant no offence, you'll understand," the wagoner stammered.

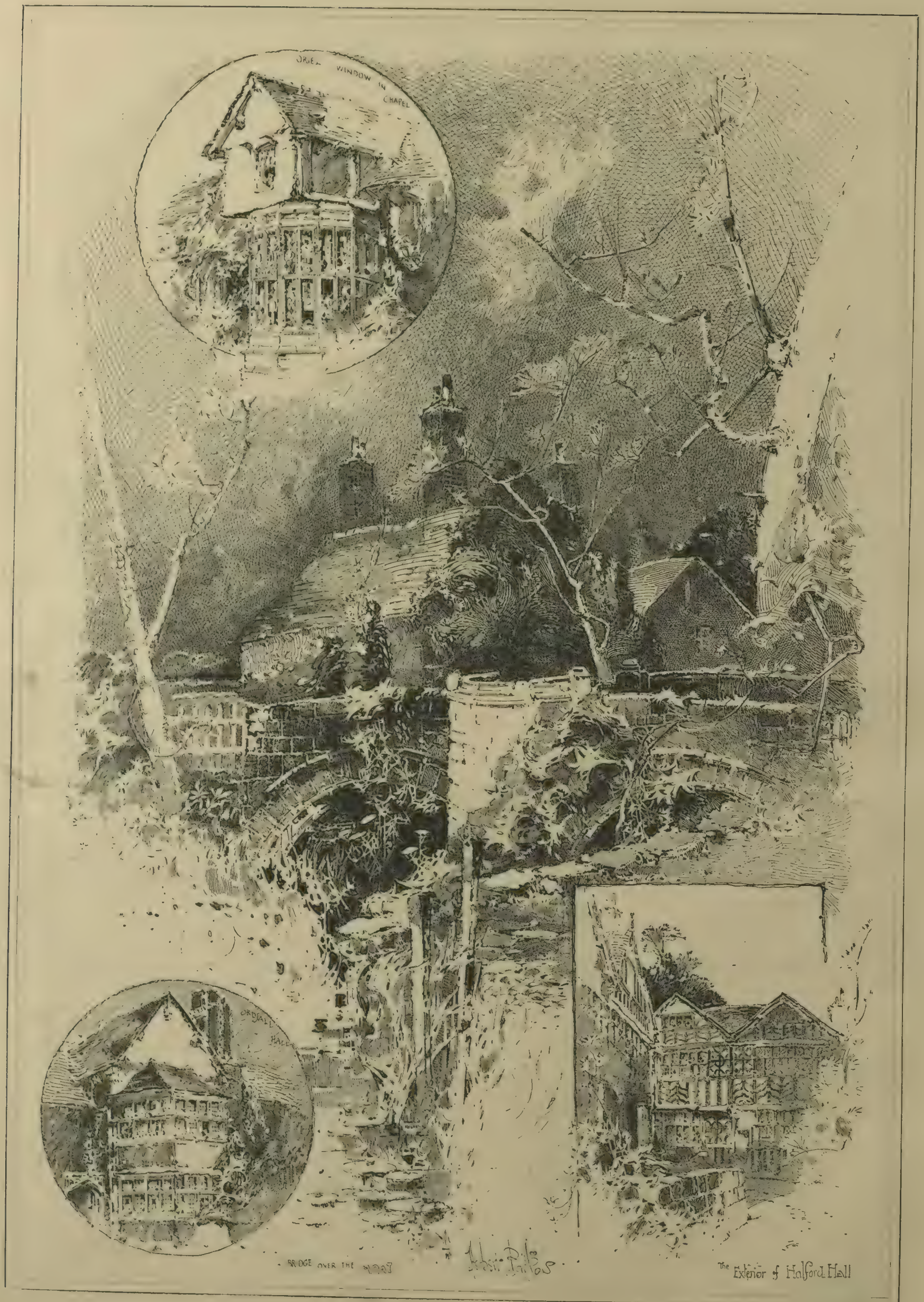
"Nay, call your mates, man," spoke up William Shakespeare sudden and sharp, and with a scornful ring in his voice which caused our apprentice to jump. "Call them in and let us hear you expound Master Burbage's proposal. I am curious to see how they treat you—having an opinion of my own on crowds and their leaders."

But the wagoner had swung about surlily on his heel.

"I'll not risk disputing it," he growled. "'Tis your own dung-hill, and I must e'en take your word that 'tis worse than e'er a man thought. But one thing I'll not take back. You're a muck of play-actors, and a man that touches ye should charge for his washing. Gr-r!" he spat—"ye're worse than Patty Ward's sow, and she was no lavender!"

(To be concluded.)





HALFORD HALL.  
DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.



# THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT IN THE PLAYHOUSES: TWO DELIGHTFUL FANTASIES.

Drawings by S. BEGG AND W. RUSSELL FINE.



Little Black Sambo  
(Miss Nellie Bowman).

Dr. Funnyman ; Little White Barbara  
(Mr. Leonard Calvert) (Miss Iris Hawkins).

Plantagenet  
(Mr. Webb Darleigh).

A CHILDREN'S PLAY FROM TWO DUMPY BOOKS: "LITTLE BLACK SAMBO AND LITTLE WHITE BARBARA," AT THE GARRICK.



Prunella (Miss Thyra Norman). The Statue of Love (Mr. Lewis Casson).

A PLAY FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN: "PRUNELLA; OR, LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN," AT THE COURT. SCENE FROM ACT III.









CHRISTMAS JOYS FOR SUFFERING LITTLE ONES: A CHRISTMAS-TREE IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



A ROYAL NATURALIST'S GIFT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY SECTION).

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER BY PERMISSION OF THE MUSEUM AUTHORITIES.



RESULTS OF KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL'S DEEP-SEA RESEARCHES: FISH AND BOOKS PRESENTED BY HIS MAJESTY TO THE MUSEUM.

The specimens are enclosed in tall glass jars, and we are here enabled to show some of the more important examples freed from their preserving medium. Among the fishes presented by the King of Portugal, one of the most interesting is the Pilot Fish (*Naucrates ductor*). It is so called because of its supposed habit of conducting the shark towards suitable prey. It feeds on the parasites which infest the shark, and also on small pieces of flesh that escape the shark when feeding, which is probably the real reason of its association with that fish. Common in Portuguese waters is the *Centrina Salviani*, which has a sharp and strong spine in each dorsal fin, almost concealed in the substance of the fin. King Carlos included a number of fine specimens of *Centrophorus*—deep-water sharks which may reach a length of five feet. Most of them are caught off the coast of Portugal and Madeira. Among the books of his own writing given by King Carlos are to be noted a general account of the expedition made by the yacht "Amelia" in the year 1896, the first part of an Illustrated Catalogue of the Birds of Portugal, and a Report on the Tunny Fisheries of Southern Portugal.



# THE BESIEGERS' DAILY LIFE: ACTUALITIES FROM THE JAPANESE LINES AT PORT ARTHUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BARRY.



FORTUNATE CAVALRY: SNUG WINTER QUARTERS FOR THE SELDOM-EMPLOYED HORSEMEN.



"DRINK BOILED WATER": BOILERS USED IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE MEDICAL ORDER FOR THE PREVENTION OF TYPHOID.



THE COMPANY MESS: JAPANESE SOLDIERS BOILING RICE TWO MILES FROM PORT ARTHUR.



IN WINTER DRESS: A JAPANESE OSTLER NEAR THE IMPROVISED HORSE-STALLS.

*The cavalry with the Third Army before Port Arthur has little to do, and several companies have now established themselves for the winter. The men live in dug-outs in the centre of the enclosure, round the sides of which stalls have been improvised for the horses. The ostler in the fourth photograph wears undress winter uniform.*





THE JAPANESE ADVANCE IN MANCHURIA: A NIGHT ATTACK ON A RUSSIAN POSITION.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



# WITH THE BESIEGERS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR: ACTUALITIES FROM THE JAPANESE LINES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BARRY.



TENTS of the description shown above are all that the Japanese private soldiers have to shield them from the rigour of the climate. This photograph was taken at the beginning of the cold weather. The railroad culvert seen in the distance in the second picture is one mile

On another page we show cavalry established in snug dug-outs. The shells and electric wire for the explosion of mines were taken by the Japanese during the great attack on Fort Banduzan, the Eternal Dragon Fort, just at the end of August. The rough habitation in which General Ashima, commanding the 9th Division of the Third Imperial



from the railway station of Port Arthur, the terminus of the Manchurian Railway. The more elaborate tents are those of officers. When our photographs were taken the men were already beginning to understand what the falling temperature would mean to them; but although shelter was slight, their clothing was excellent and their cheerfulness indomitable.

Army, lived for two months was eight hundred yards from the firing-line, and formed a strange contrast to the palaces of Russian Generals in Port Arthur. These photographs give an excellent idea of the everyday life of the Japanese troops before the beleaguered fortress.



1. SLIGHT SHELTER FROM THE MANCHURIAN WINTER FOR JAPANESE PRIVATES.

3. TROPHIES WON FROM THE MUSCOVITE: SHELLS AND MINE-WIRE CAPTURED AT FORT BANDUZAN.

2. WHERE THE PARALLELS BEGIN: THE LAST RAVINE BEFORE THE FORTS.

4. A GENERAL'S HOUSE: THE HUT WHERE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ASHIMA LIVED FOR TWO MONTHS.



# AN OLD BONE OF CONTENTION SECURED AT LAST: THE COCKSCOMB FORT, CAPTURED DECEMBER 19.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



STILL IN POSSESSION: A REMINISCENCE OF A FORMER UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT.

The Kikuan or Cockscomb Fort was blown up and then carried by assault by the Japanese on December 18 and 19. Concerning its long resistance Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "This fort has been the bone of contention for some time. In the general attack of October 30 it was involved in the Japanese operations, but the Russians succeeded in holding their own. Twice did the Japanese stormers enter, but were driven out. I went up the position the evening of the day after the attack, at which I was present with the 11th Division. The glacis was strewn with Japanese dead. There was not a living being to be seen but the Russian sentry between the guns on the skyline. The admiration of the whole fighting world must be extended to the gallant Muscovite garrison for their untiring heroism in defending this position. Worn out with fatigue, and passing through the ordeal of ghastly shell-fire, the most terrible, probably, in the annals of war, and having braved the onslaught of the finest infantry of modern times, the soldier of the Tsar was in possession still."



## 203-METRE HILL, AND THE TRENCHES THAT SERVED THE CONQUERORS' APPROACH.

FROM STEREOGRAPH TAKEN BY JAMES RICALION, COPYRIGHTED 1904 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

× 203-Metre Hill.



"SCARRED WITH TRENCHES": SIGNS OF THE GRADUAL JAPANESE ADVANCE TO THE POINT FROM WHICH THEY SANK THE RUSSIAN FLEET.  
*These earthworks, which appear like scars on the face of the hill, mark the progress of the Japanese sappers. The white cones in the middle distance are Japanese tents.  
The particular earthworks here photographed were frequently struck by Russian shells.*



# THE LASSO IN WARFARE: A NEW METHOD OF FIGHTING BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE STRUGGLE WITH ROPES, ROCKS, AND CLUBBED RIFLES ON THE SLOPES OF OJIKESHAN.

*During this particular combat the Japanese stormed a position so steep that they could only obtain cover by standing with their backs to the rock and firing their rifles over their heads. The Russians, finding that they could not reach their adversaries so sheltered, lowered ropes with running nooses, and tried to lasso their assailants. As soon as they had caught a man they pulled him from cover and disposed of him: One Russian was dragged down by his own rope, and broke both legs. The hurling of huge boulders also played a prominent part in the struggle.*



# THE WILY WORK OF THE JAPANESE ENGINEER: SAPPING AT PORT ARTHUR.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE), BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



EMERGING FROM THE PARALLELS: THE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST FORT NIRUZAN, OR SLEEPING DRAGON FORT.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "My sketch was taken at the moment when the Japanese were emerging from their parallels and were moving towards the fort to try to discover the depth and extent of the fosse guarding the position. In the foreground is the famous Suichi Valley, where the tremendous night attack under star shell and searchlight was carried out some time previously."



# THE BAMBOO GUN AT PORT ARTHUR: AN EASILY PORTABLE WOODEN CANNON.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



THE BAMBOO GUN DROPPING EXPLOSIVES INTO A RUSSIAN POSITION TO COVER AN INFANTRY ASSAULT.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "In attacking the redoubts at Port Arthur the Japanese use portable mortars, which two men can run up within fifty yards of the trench. From the bamboo gun they drop explosives into the Russian position over the heads of their own infantry while in the act of assault. I saw the gun employed in the attack on Turban Fort, and also during the last attack on a redoubt on October 30. The weapon is a wooden mortar bound round with bamboo. A small charge of powder is lighted by a fuse at the touch-hole and projects a bomb of guncotton or other explosive."



## LADIES' PAGE.

To all my readers I wish a Happy New Year! It is true that circumstances in business are to many, too many, at present very far from happy; but when things are at their worst they often mend, and we must hope that before the coming year ends we shall be on the other side of the depression of trade from want of ready cash that has made the past year, and all before it since the South African War began, slow and difficult. Women have no event to congratulate themselves upon in the year that is gone, except perhaps the opening of the degrees of Trinity College, Dublin, to women graduates, and the highly successful Congress held in Berlin. Not even a striking book will mark the history of the year for women. In short, everything has been recently exceedingly dull—society, business, and social progress; and we must hope that 1905 will do better for us than his predecessor!

I hear that the Riviera hotels are filling up now rapidly, but largely with Germans. Egypt grows more in favour with English people every winter now that the



A SMART WALKING-COSTUME.

The smart little walking-costume which is depicted in our sketch is made of mouse-coloured rough tweed with bands of checked material of the same shade and white round the skirt and facings to match the cuffs. A velvet-trimmed felt hat and a boa of smoked fox-fur complete this chic little gown, which is serviceable as well as pretty.

strong hand of British rule has made the country perfectly safe—so safe, indeed, that Lord Cromer has thought it possible to have the English troops removed. The climate of Egypt is infinitely superior to that of the Riviera, which latter is indeed considerably overrated. Truly it is a boon to see the sun's face day after day; in London there were but seven hours of sunshine registered in the first fifteen days of December, while at Nice there were scarce as many hours of daylight o'erclouded. But the Riviera frequently has positively wet days; and even while the sun shines there is often a cruel cutting wind blowing, with the plain result that one has to choose between being overdressed for the sun's warmth or underclad to face the chilling blasts. In Cairo there is hardly ever any rain, and the wind is the gentle breeze of an English summer, if there be any at all. However, the Egyptian trip is far more costly than the one to the South of France, and more trying, as it involves at the very least nearly three days at sea; and then the social attractions for the casual visitor are much greater at Nice, Mentone, or beautiful "Monte" than in Cairo. On the French Riviera there is smart dressing, there are fêtes, and all sorts of amusements to be had by merely paying for them; while only with introductions is a good time possible socially in Egypt. So, inasmuch as the lovely sunshine and scenery of the blue shores of the Mediterranean are infinitely to be preferred to dark, damp, grey English days, the people who are now about to set off are much to be envied, although their destination is climatically inferior, and inferior, too, in novelty and change of surroundings, to that of the happy tourist to the Nile.

There seems to be one occupation for women which is not yet overcrowded. It is that of a teacher of gymnastics. The increasing appreciation of gymnastic exercises for girls leads to a slowly but distinctly growing demand for young women who have been scientifically and practically educated in conducting such classes. A generous offer is made by the St. Bride's Institute, the chief technical school in the City of London, of a scholarship of the value of fifty pounds to a young woman to enable her to go there to be trained as a teacher of gymnastics, under the capable head of the St. Bride's Gymnasium. One of the best-known women teachers in London is Miss Therese Stempel, who holds classes for working-girls at Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Settlement" in Bloomsbury, as well as classes for

ladies at the Albany Street Gymnasium and elsewhere; and she has just published a capital little book, with the aid of which young ladies who have themselves had some lessons in a gymnasium could easily conduct classes for village or "Settlement" girls. It is entitled "Physical Exercises for Girls," and has a preface written by Mrs. George Cadbury, who mentions that the little work has been produced at the request of the Girls' Life Brigade. Mrs. Cadbury very pithily observes that "A noticeable feature of the present day is the provision of institutions for girls, which at one time it was thought only necessary to provide for boys. . . . With the growth of a desire for independence there has not been a corresponding growth of sturdy self-reliance; with the rejection of outward control there has not come as a compensating balance a vigorous self-control. Any scheme that will improve the health of body and mind, that will increase the power of self-control, and promote unselfish action, should be warmly encouraged." In the combined actions carried on under the teacher's discipline in a gymnasium, Mrs. Cadbury sees a means of not only developing the muscles, the health and the general condition, but also a method of training girls to "act in unison and with precision," and therefore an aid "in the endeavour to instil into their minds and hearts a noble ideal of life." Miss Stempel's little manual is most practically helpful for teachers of the subject, and it is so fully illustrated that it is easy to follow.

Velvet triumphantly constructs many of the most admired gowns; and blouses are almost equally satisfactory when made in velveteen. This imitation of the more lordly fabric was at one time but a depressing substitute. Limpness soon characterised its outlines and rustiness its shadows. But by degrees the ingenuity of the manufacturers has triumphed over these objectionable tendencies of the "cotton-back," and while it is hyperbolic to assert that the best velveteen cannot be distinguished from real silk velvet, it is actual fact to assert that the difference is small, and that the cheaper material is in itself, apart from any question of how far it resembles the more costly one, a beautiful fabric for certain uses. The colourings are now excellent in velveteen. A picturesque tea-gown or dinner-dress, or a blouse for afternoon wear, can be admirably constructed from velveteen. A skirt of the same colour as the blouse is now considered more smart than a contrast, though the ever-ready black skirt answers well enough. An ideal toilette is built of a skirt of face-cloth, cashmere or voile, of a given colour, with a velveteen blouse to match. A lime-green cashmere skirt, which has a closely fitting bodice of its own, was supplied also by the modiste with a blouse of just the same tone in velveteen, which she considered the more dressy of the two cor-sages. There was a deep yoke collar of Irish crochet, laid over soft white silk, and a tight cuff of the same; the velveteen was gathered full on the bottom of the yoke, and trimmed along there with a ruching of green velvet ribbon, which also trimmed the full puff of the top of the sleeve; the belt was of green suede leather, with a deep gold buckle both front and back, and the result was very satisfactory.

Wonderfully cheap (about fifteenpence the yard only) are the new spotted velveteens, and these make up into tea gowns or quiet dinner-dresses and evening "at-home" frocks for young matrons. A golden-brown ground, spotted with white, was one velveteen that I saw transformed into a dainty home frock of early Victorian outline; it was cut with sloping shoulders, had a muslin fichu deeply laid over them, with its ends tucked into the waistbelt, which was of the velveteen, well boned, cut deep, and laced across with white baby-ribbon; the elbow-sleeves, formed of a single full puff of the spotted velveteen, were supplemented by a deep and full frill of lace; but the lower arm was not covered by any other cuff. The skirt was put in very full in gathers all round the waist, and only lay a little on the ground; it was not trimmed in any way, the spots and the fullness making more decoration superfluous. An Empire design in spotted blue and black velveteen was another success. In Paris tiny plaid or check velvets are making very smart gowns.

To return to the subject, touched upon last week, of the smartest kind of evening dress, there are many filmy and gossamer-like fabrics employed by women who prefer the dainty to the dignified in style. A great many such gowns have a foundation of chiffon, layer upon layer, the softest effect imaginable being thus produced. The topmost sheath of all this ethereal grace is often an overdress of lace. In Paris, black lace is in high favour for this

outside completion of the masses of white chiffon under-skirts. Here, we are still generally choosing white lace, or sometimes a delicate-tinted chiffon. A lovely gown of pale pink chiffon was covered with a dress of white Brussels appliqué, lightly powdered round the lower third with silver paillettes. The corsage was of the same lace, elegantly but indescribably twisted and draped, and passing under a deep shaped and boned belt of pink satin fastened with diamond buttons. Round the décolletage small pink chiffon roses were set.

Rainbow chiffon is a great success used layer over layer in this way; it is made in graduated tints, and the deeper is set nearest to the waist; and over this *fond* of colour a single layer of white or ivory chiffon simply exercises a softening and harmonising influence. A pink rainbow chiffon foundation—the part of which nearest the waist, where, of course, the folds were closest, looked quite a pronounced red, while at the sweep of the train and the ruche round it there was but a touch of colour—was held up to its delicate cream chiffon overskirt by dainty wreaths in Empire design of tiny pink roses and forget-me-nots, these flowers also forming the berthe. This gown was really a vision. Another rainbow tulle foundation represents shades ranging through the gamut of red from orange to flame; it is trimmed on the shimmering chiffon surface with ruches of orange-coloured ribbon, arranged in oval wreaths all round the skirt; the corsage has a lace bolero spangled with gold and edged with a more red shade of orange ribbon than that used on the skirt. A charming effect is produced in other cases by the underskirts being of silver tissue, with the needful softening of one layer of white laid over it. Such a dancing-frock I saw worn at a very smart ball the other day, trimmed with a line of snowdrops put on in swags round the skirt and at the top of the bodice; and, with the addition of a number of diamond ornaments, the effect of the soft silver gleaming through the pure white was perfectly charming.

An aspect of the tariff question peculiarly interesting to women is revealed by the recent Blue Book on industrial conditions. One of the tables shows the average weekly cost and quantity of certain articles of food consumed by workmen's families in the North of England. It also sets forth the proportion of money earned by the father in families whose income is forty shillings per week, for in these cases there is almost invariably more than one wage-earner in the house-

hold. In Northumberland and Durham the father earns a little more than two-thirds of the weekly two pounds, in Yorkshire exactly two-thirds, and in Lancashire three-fifths. Wives and children, therefore, bear their own share of the domestic burden. The figures of the report prove that in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900, the cost of living had decreased for the working man, who can now buy as much food for a hundred shillings as



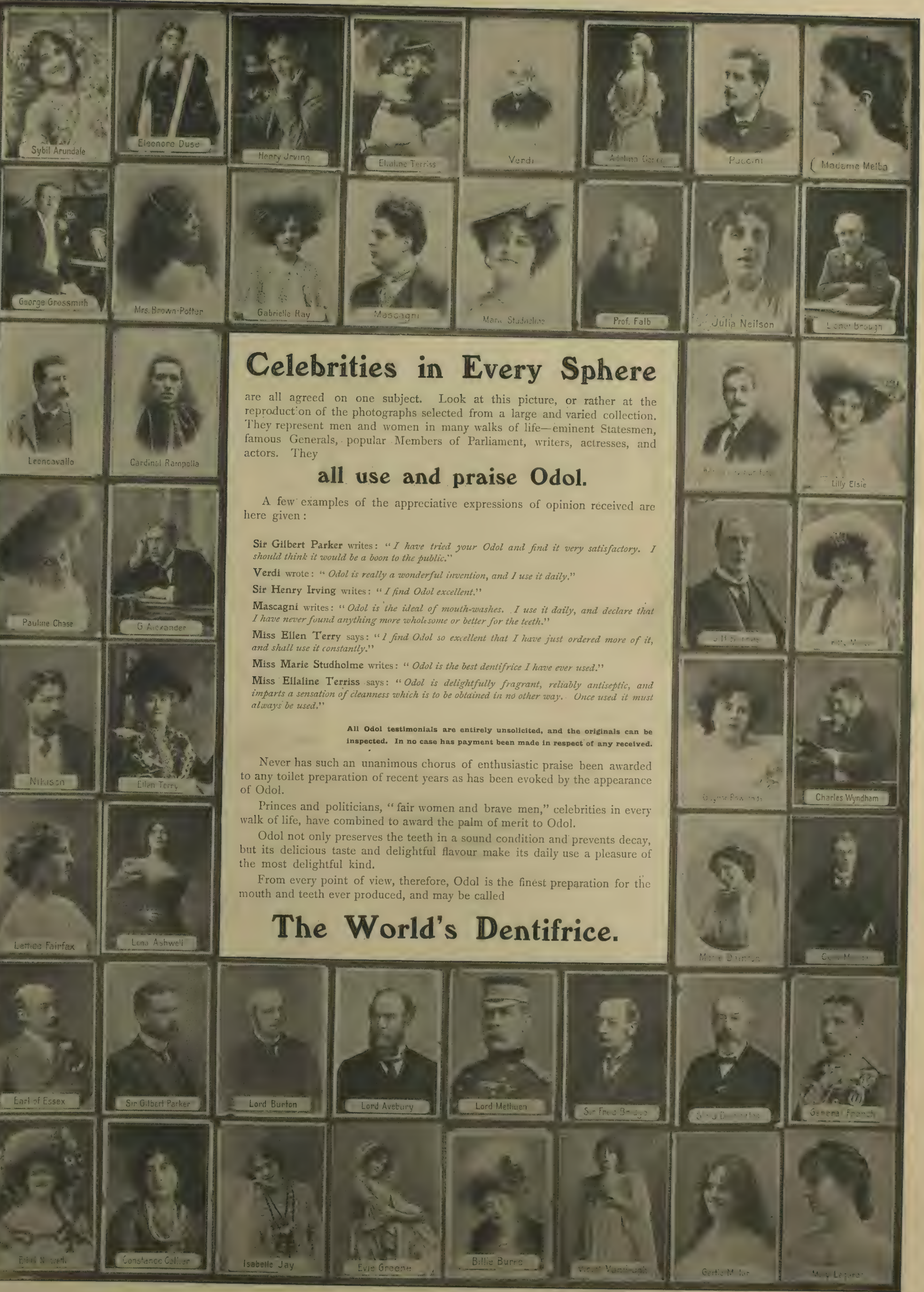
A BECOMING DINNER-DRESS.

The original and distinguished design for a dinner-dress which is shown in our illustration is carried out in flounces of spangled and jetted black net, with a fringe of spear-shaped sequins at the edge, mounted on an under-dress of white glacé taffetas. A narrow band of jetted white velvet appears at the top of the bodice. The colour of the silk under-dress could, of course, be varied to taste, and it would also look well on a black foundation.

he could for a hundred and twenty at the close of the 'seventies. Clothing is also cheaper; but fire and light are dearer, on the whole, and rents are also on the increase. An encouraging feature, and one which shows that there is a growing tendency to thrift, is the increase of savings-bank deposits.

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## ART NOTES.

The bow-shaped, small-paned shop-windows of the eighteenth century gave London a charm that has been largely lost to-day, when the huge glazed front is the support of the tradesman's business, and even, as it uncomfortably seems, of his premises. But in the penultimate century everything and everybody aimed at elegance, albeit much that was considered elegant then now appears to be either insipid or grotesque. But the shop-window had a genuine elegance based on firm traditions of proportion. It is interesting to be reminded that in and about the year 1770 several print-sellers used these small panes of glass as the frames to their stock of engravings—notably for the display of the so-called humorous mezzotints, of which Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips have organised an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

Mr. Joseph Grego, in his Preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, mentioning this popular display of the satirical prints of the eighteenth century, says: "The actual mezzotints were engraved of a size conveniently to occupy respectively the space of one pane, and as the old-fashioned fronts of these popular caricature-warehouses uniformly offered some forty-eight panes or panels at one view, these fairly representative exhibitions became permanent institutions." And so one may picture "the fashion" observing itself in the windows of Cornhill, the Strand, or of Piccadilly. Yet the recognitions and identifications may have been few, for the caricaturist who draws a comprehensive picture of his time is rare. Have we not too far reconstructed the looks and manners of Hogarth's century from Hogarth's version and that of his fellows? And, in truth, it is but a limited satire, a very narrow wit, that prompted the majority of the engravings hung

at the Leicester Galleries. How different would be the record of a draughtsman like Steinlen, had he lived a hundred and forty years ago; how much more nearly related would we have been to our ancestors!

The satire that these mezzotinters delighted in was of amorous and hideous old men, of frivolous young-old

while No. 28, "The Frail Sisters," is a good example of how unfortunate the inartistic engraver may be in his treatment of lighting and tone. Many beginners in the arts tried their hands at the "humorous mezzo-tint"; thus there is ignorant drawing in these plates. Ignorance, however, does not preclude spirit; rather, we may say, does ignorance of, or rather freedom from, technical knowledge result sometimes in a vigour of action that, if exaggerated, is more amusing than the staid postures of a figure drawn according to all the rules of anatomy.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie is indefatigable in his study of river scene and river life. At the Leicester Galleries are shown some seventy-eight pictures and drawings of subjects ebbing and flowing with the Thames, against the stream and with it, as various in subject as all the aspects and all the businesses of the water and its banks allow. It is the pictures of the London Thames that are most happily executed—the studies of wharf-side, of jetty, and dilapidated river-side buildings, with always the majestic sense of a great city lying somewhere concealed or somewhere manifest—see, for instance, that which is entitled "St. Paul's, from Blackfriars Bridge."—W. M.



A LILIPUTIAN PONY: PROBABLY THE SMALLEST SHETLAND IN THE WORLD.

The pony is four years old, fully grown, and stands only 27½ inches high. It is the property of Mr. Tom Dewhurst, of Blackburn.

dames, of the gross coachman, and of all the obviously ugly. They also drew what was attractive, but then they risked their claim to that title of satirist which the modern collector retains for them against all assaults. Mezzotint in its various degrees of excellence was the medium for the caricaturing of "Old Toothless" or of "The Sleeping Charmer." Perhaps the nicest in its gentle tones is the last in the catalogue;

will be performances on the evenings of March 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7, at eight p.m.; and matinées on March 2, 4, and 6, at 2.30 p.m. Seats (stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, reserved, 6s., unreserved, 4s.) may be booked on application to Mr. Dorrell, New Theatre, Oxford, on and after Feb. 20. Applications for seats, by letter only (accompanied by cheque), will be received on and after Feb. 13.

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## SUBURBAN PANTOMIMES.

"RED RIDING-HOOD," AT THE KING'S  
AND THE CORONET.

In the far West of London there are two "Red Riding-Hood" pantomimes—one at the Coronet, Notting Hill, and the other at the King's, Hammersmith. The Coronet "annual" maintains the reputation for refinement which Mr. Robert Arthur has established at other theatres; and the many charming musical interludes interpolated into the old nursery story, the clever dancing of the little Sisters Crisp as quaint Golliwogs, and the fine Winter Ballet, with its general tone of white illuminated by coloured lights, and its music, taken from the fairy portion of Mendelssohn's score of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," are sure to win this pantomime success, not to speak of the dashing Boy Blue of Miss Maud Vincent, a vocalist whose songs are chorussed by her audience, the pretty Riding-Hood of Miss Dora Fraser, and the jovial dame of that hard-working and humorous veteran, Mr. J. T. Dallas. Equally charming and no less brilliantly mounted is Mr. Mulholland's production at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where, by the way, the happy discovery has been made that Red Riding-Hood and Robin Hood were brother and sister. Some very weird and beautiful effects are obtained in the Witch's Enchanted Castle in Toyland. The pantomime is further recommended by the strenuous efforts of an exceptionally strong company, which includes the Misses Isa and Emsie Bowman as Boy Blue and Riding-Hood, Miss Gladys Elvey as Robin, and the Strand favourite, Mr. Lacey.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE'S CIRCUS AND PANTOMIME.

Out of such a wealth of good things as is provided by the Crystal Palace programme it is almost an ungrateful task to make selection; but perhaps the three most striking features are the World of Toys, into which the South Nave has now been transformed, with rows of stalls, gaily decorated foliage, and an enormous Christmas-tree; and, next, Mr. Humphrey Brammall's old-fashioned circus and lively pantomime. In the circus show there is a delightfully funny clown, one Ping-Pong, who is only surpassed by the boxing horses who join him in his turn; and, besides the clown, Miss Eva gives a wonderful steeplechase display. Miss Powell and her young brother are responsible for a sensational "double-riding exhibition," and, when fog admits, a Japanese troupe of jugglers and



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balancers and a Russian company of dancers and equestrians are promised. The pantomime, of the good old comic kind, deals with the story of "The Babes in the Wood," and has in two pretty children, Miss Wee Mona and Master Crewys, and in a host of droll comedians just the company to keep youngsters amused and charmed from the merry piece's start to its finish.

## THE FULHAM "FORTY THIEVES" AND THE KENNINGTON "ALADDIN."

Perhaps its scenic beauty is the most conspicuous merit of Mr. Robert Arthur's first Fulham pantomime, "The Forty Thieves"—that and a wise adherence to the lines of the original Oriental tale which is its inspiration. The Bazaar of Teheran, with its gorgeous colouring; the Cave of the Thieves, with a dramatic temptation of Cassim; a Ballet of Flowers, followed by an impressive Wedding March, all show the modern scene-painter's and costumier's art at their best. And when, in addition, the new Grand pantomime can boast a handsome Ganem such as Miss Nellie Emerald, a Morgiana who can sing and dance so well as Miss Beatrice Willey, and an Ali Baba who, in the person of Mr. Leonard Barry, is a perpetual fount of merriment, it is a pretty safe guess that augurs success for "The Forty Thieves." Another triumph for Mr. Arthur is his new Kennington pantomime "Aladdin," which has the customary spectacular and choral effects that Kennington playgoers expect at this house.

## OTHER SUBURBAN PANTOMIMES.

Other suburban pantomimes must be dismissed rather briefly. There is a rollicking and luridly romantic show at the Britannia, Hoxton, entitled, "The Goblin at the Sea," in which Mr. George Lupino, a great local favourite, acts with real impressiveness and humour as the Goblin. Then, at the Grand, Islington, with Mr. Geoffrey Thorn as librettist, and with such genial comedians as Messrs. George Mozart and Tom Craven and the Brothers Conquest playing the robbers and their police captors respectively, "The Babes in the Wood" maintains this old house's reputation for "merrie" pantomime. Very lively, too, is the "Dick Whittington" of the Broadway, New Cross, where there is an admirable set of principals and some very pretty colour-schemes in costumes and scenery. Harmonious colouring is also a noteworthy feature of the grand jewel ballet which is only one of many handsome scenes to be found in the capital "Aladdin" pantomime produced at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway.

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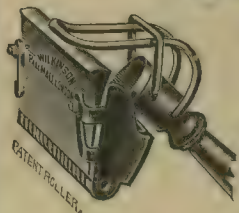


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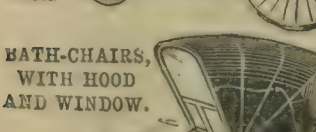
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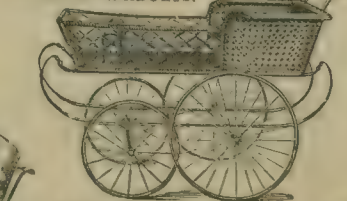


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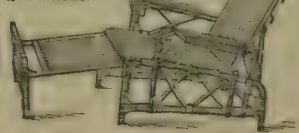
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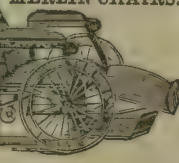
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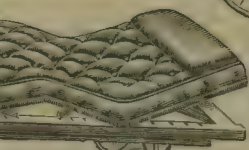
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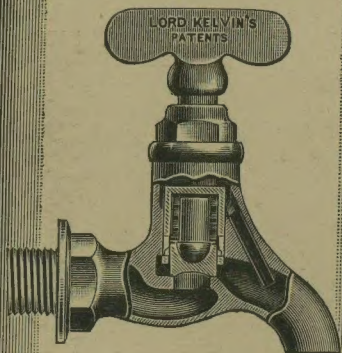
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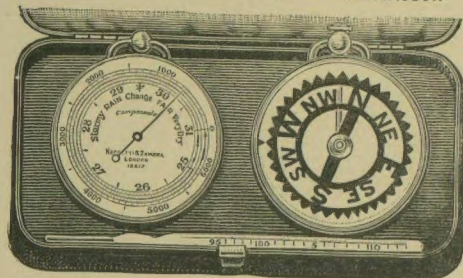
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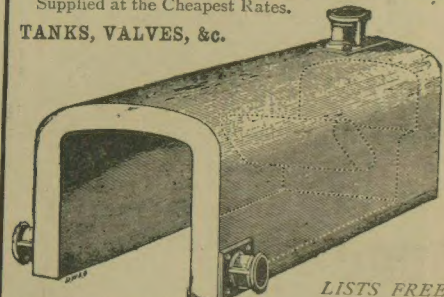
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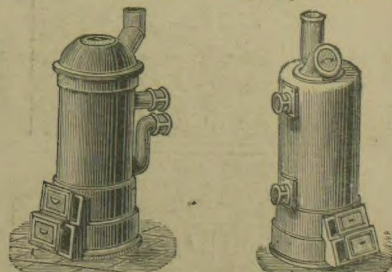


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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Diggle, the Bishop-elect of Carlisle, expects to be at St. Martin's, Birmingham, for five or six weeks longer, and will preach regularly on Sundays. Like the Bishop of London, he has been pointing out that, though his income as a Bishop will be increased, his expenditure will grow in proportion. No one knows the diocese of Carlisle better than the new Bishop, owing to his long experience as Archdeacon.

Canon Duckworth, Vicar of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, has celebrated his seventieth birthday, and his parishioners, as a token of their affectionate regard, have presented him with a cheque for £250. Canon Duckworth has been Vicar of the parish for over thirty-four years.

The Bishop of Rochester will preach on New Year's Day to the L.C.C. tram-men of South London at St. Mark's, Kennington. An omnibus-driver was heard last week, calling to a tram-conductor—"So you are all going to church on New Year's Day, I hear?"

The Welsh revival has spread to Cardiff, and meetings have been held at most of the chapels in the town. Many of these gatherings lasted till midnight. Crowds of workers paraded the streets and brought in men and women of the lowest type to the

services. The centre of the mission at Cardiff has been the Tabernacle Chapel, now under the pastorate of the Rev. Charles Davies.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose voice fills easily the great space of the City Temple, was not quite so well heard as usual when he spoke last week in the Hotel Cecil at the banquet to Mr. Hall Caine. His witty and graceful address was much admired, and as the chairman of the evening he acquitted himself most successfully.

Before starting for his Christmas holiday, Bishop Gore took leave of his friends at Worcester. He thanked clergy and laity for the kindness which had been shown him. Referring to the future work of the Church, he said it was ridiculous ignorance to suppose that there was any crisis caused by the ritual difficulty. The crisis is moral and not chiefly ceremonial or intellectual.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., writes from Bombay in favour of the temperance measures which have been adopted by Lord Curzon. A Bill is passing through the Viceregal Council to lessen temptation, and the Bengal Excise Bill prohibits the sale of drink to children under fourteen, and also forbids the use of barmaids. Mr. Smith adds that in Bombay the feeling is very strong against tempting children to drink.

The important Baptist church of Victoria Road, Leicester, has chosen as its pastor the Rev. P. T.

Thomson, of Leeds. He succeeds the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, who has retired from the active work of the ministry.

The presentation plate issued for the current year to members of the Art Union of London is an admirable etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, after Mr. Alfred East's painting, "The Miller's Meadow."

The issue of "Burke's Peerage for 1905" is the sixty-seventh edition of this remarkable book. "Burke," as it is well known, is a complete directory of every living person holding honours from the Crown. In the case of hereditary honours, "Burke" tells the story of the descent of their holders, and that story in many cases is so fascinating that one can read the book as one might read a novel. A unique feature in "Burke" is the key to the work, and its guide, by means of which persons can be traced by their names to the illustrious families to which they belong. This list, which is arranged alphabetically, is very curious. Thus Lord Roberts's precedence is indicated by the number 5212, Lady Roberts being 6212; Sir John Fisher, who has begun his career in the Admiralty so admirably, is 23,105. Burke has brought itself thoroughly up to date by introducing a new decorative style of armorial bearings, which are artistic as well as heraldically correct.

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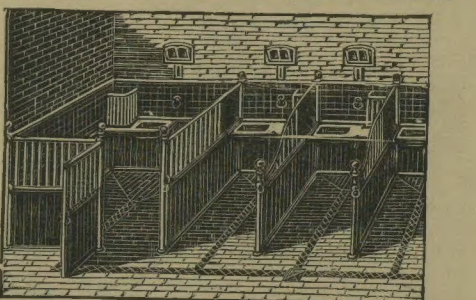
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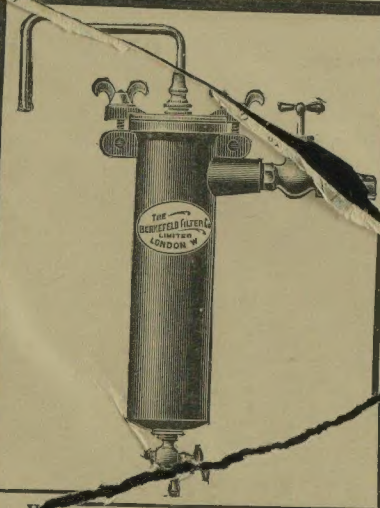


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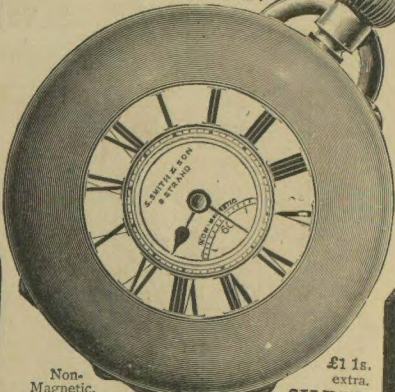
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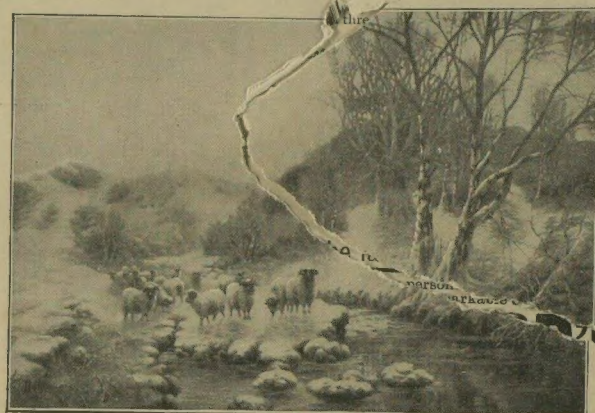
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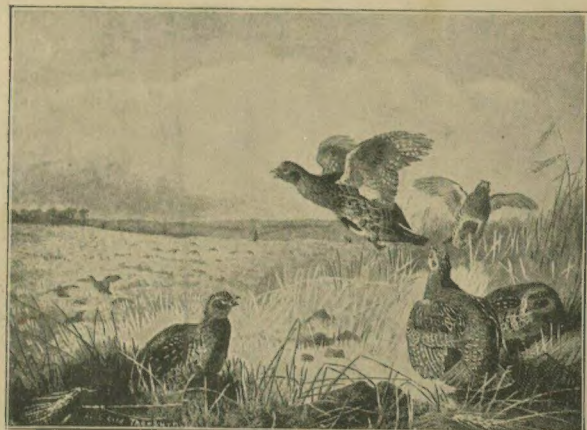
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